

MACLEAN'S

MAY 23 1959

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ The search for Canada's oldest heroes
- ✓ Expect lots of mosquitoes at your cottage



BRENDA

She's a picture, too

ALL EYES WILL BE ON THE PAINTINGS when field-portraits of the two Canadian medical corps officers who won VCs in World War I are presented to the Queen Mother this summer. But the artist is worth watching too. She's Brenda Bury, a 26-year-old Londoner who's probably today's best-looking if not best-known portrayer of world celebrities. Her portrait of Prime Minister Diefenbaker now hangs in the Senate. This spring she got an even rarer opportunity: to paint Quebec's publicity-shy Premier Maurice Duplessis. Brenda's made news before — by getting a portrait in England's Royal Academy at 21 and by appearing in a student delegation to Sir Winston Churchill dressed in fish-net tights, sequins and feathers.

CANADA'S BOER WAR VETERANS — now mostly in their 80s — will gather in Toronto this October to mark the 60th anniversary of the outbreak of fighting. Organizing the banquet is Major E. L. (Mickey) McCormick, who as a 14-year-old bugler-orderly in the Strathcona's Horse was among the youngest Canadians to go overseas. How many are left? McCormick's trying to find out. But he's advertising the reunion in dozens of newspapers. Boer War veterans will soon join Spanish-American War vets as the continent's oldest military heroes. There's just one U.S. Civil War survivor alive. He's 116.

OUR SELF-CONSCIOUS COMMUNITY SINGING will have a standard to match after Labor Day weekend. That's when 3,000 lusty-voiced Welsh singers will gather in Toronto's Royal York Hotel. Excuse: North America's 28th Gymanfa Ganu (*gamanva ganee*) — a festival of Welsh hymns and folksongs — being held for the first time in Canada. There'll be no audience (no room) but the singing may be broadcast. One highlight will be an unrehearsed, 3,000-voice, four-part Hallelujah Chorus.

MOSQUITOES WILL BE PLENTIFUL this summer. Heavy snows left extra puddles for larvae to breed. Want to test near your cottage? Just bare a forearm and count the landings per minute. Five is worse than average. But Arctic areas may run to a hundred this year. Encouraging note: None of our 12-plus species of mosquito is yet immune to DDT.

NEXT YEAR'S RUBBER-CHICKEN CIRCUIT is being sewed up by three Toronto women with a public-speaking agency called Canadian Celebrity Bureau. Director is Matie Molinaro, wife of a U. of T. professor. CCB's already signed up some big drawing cards, will offer seasonal package deals or one-shot programs for service and luncheon clubs across the country. Our most popular lecturer? Sir Robert Watson-Watt, discoverer of radar, with fees up to \$500. Close behind are TV's Larry Henderson and military expert Brig. Claude Dewhurst. Also on CCB's list: Maclean's movie-critic Clyde Gilmour, New Liberty editor Frank Rasky, speech expert Esme Crampton and actress Susan Fletcher.

PRODIGY TO WATCH is Emmanuel Ax, blue-eyed, freckled Polish pianist living in Winnipeg since February. He'll be 10 in June, but he's already impressed Winnipeg Symphony conductor Victor Feldbrill. Emmanuel has absolute pitch; he played back perfectly chords Feldbrill hit at random. "He has real sensitivity as well," says Feldbrill. Emmanuel's father—a voice therapist in Poland — has the boy under wraps, won't let him play publicly till 1960, except at weekly concerts for his fellow grade 3 students.



EMMANUEL

Out of wraps next year

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE SKIRL OF BAGPIPES, run for the hills or plug your ears this summer. The pipes are so popular now and so many new bands are starting that, by the end of the last royal tour parade, they'll be almost as common as pianos. Canada (with 500) and the U.S. now have more pipe-bands than Scotland. Pipers are so much in demand one band in Port Arthur, Ont., is advertising in Scottish newspapers. Tyros can practice on an \$8 chanter — same fingering, less noise.

WHAT WILL MASSEY TACKLE NEXT?

Dignified male, 72, widely experienced in scholarly, political and diplomatic life; has BA, MA and 29 honorary degrees; desires position after September. Write Government House, Ottawa.

If this dream want ad should appear in any newspaper, there'd be a tidal wave of offers. For the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, nearing the end of 7½ years as our first Canadian governor-general, will resign in September. (Not June as had been widely reported.) He's told the prime minister he wouldn't accept a second extension of his term. But he won't "retire." Here's what His Excellency's already planning:

1. His fourth book, a collection of 43 of the 500 speeches he's made as governor-general, will be published (Macmillan) in the fall.
2. He's now drafting a farewell radio-TV address. There'll be no farewell tour, but Massey will visit B.C. and southwestern Ontario before he resigns.
3. The move from 50-room Rideau Hall to Batterwood House near Port Hope, Ont., will be a simple one. He owns

little furniture now in the official residence; his famed and treasured art collection has stayed at Batterwood.

As Mr. Massey, he'd like to work on his memoirs

— probably a brief, bright reminiscence about his career of service from 1935, when he became high commissioner to the U.K. He may pick up his connection with the University of Toronto, where he was chancellor before being named governor-general. Alan Jarvis, director of Ottawa's National Gallery, is already pushing Massey as chairman of Canada's centennial committee.

Our first Canadian governor-general has also been one of our busiest. As well as signing every Act of Parliament and 8,000 armed service commissions a year he's:

- ✓ traveled 174,030 miles;
- ✓ visited 300 communities, the bottom of a coal mine and the North Pole;
- ✓ entertained 70,000 people;
- ✓ given his patronage to 244 organizations and 304 events.



GLAMOUR 9-to-5: Classes turn out office beauties



SLICKER SECRETARIES BY GRANT

HAVING STREAMLINED and glamorized every office furnishing from adding machines to xerographs, Canadian business is taking a new look at its most decorative component, the office girl. Glamour-and-grooming classes have already turned out chic graduates for dozens of firms and they're opening in new offices every week.

Two Toronto models, Betty Grant and Jean Carroll, were among the first to

offer classes. Mrs. Grant started lecturing her church group on how to hold a fashion show, then addressed an Imperial Oil social club. Now she's swamped with requests for her seven-lecture course — posture, grooming, clothes.

Last year the Walter Thornton model agency opened a group training division in Toronto. It's already signed up 40 companies, taught more than 2,000 girls how to dress, walk, speak and look better. Thornton plans to open similar classes in Montreal.

Because of the boost it gives morale, some companies subsidize the courses. Usual price is \$10-15 for a six-or-seven lecture series. Of 50 female workers at one small company, 48 registered for the course. "It's good for public relations," says Thornton's group director Eleanor Fulcher. "A good-looking staff means an aggressive outlook."

What's ahead? Miss Fulcher told Maclean's: "Men will soon be taking similar courses. Dozens of personnel officers have asked me about it."

WILL HOCKEY SPEED UP? New skate could do it

THE BLISTERING SPEED of Howie Morenz has long been just a cherished dream for red-blooded Canadian boys. Now a skate invented by a Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., construction man named Wilf Vaillancourt could put it within reach next season for every hockey player from bantam to the NHL.

Vaillancourt got his idea while watching a children's TV show explaining that skates ride on surface water, not on the ice. He designed a cup attachment to drip oil onto the blades. CCM engineers now have the "lubra-skate" under study. They're working to put oil in the hollow steel tubes just over the blades. If their experiments work, the "lubra-skate" will go on the market.

What would it mean to hockey?

Many coaches and players call it the biggest boon since artificial ice. **George (Punch) Imlach**, whose Toronto Maple Leafs were the first team to see the skate, is all for it. "Players won't tire

so quickly. It will make a faster game," he told Maclean's. The Leafs' **Bert Olmstead**, first player to wear Vaillancourt's skates, says "they give a veteran a lift." **Sid Smith**, playing coach of the Whitby Dunlops, says he's for the skate "but only on bigger rinks."

No officials of Canadian leagues are worried that the skate will be illegal. But some hockey men see difficulties. NHL president **Clarence Campbell** says a faster game could mean more injuries. **Syl Apps**, former Leaf captain, is worried about excess oil on the ice. CAHA secretary **George Dudley** frankly doubts the new skates will work.

A few see no need to speed up the fastest game on earth. Former New York Ranger **Hank Goldup** told Maclean's: "You'll never see a faster series than this year's Stanley Cup, no matter what you put on the skates. But they don't skate faster than we did — just change players more often."

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

THE ARCTIC'S OIL RICHES:

Have stock sharks caught The Vision?



SOME WESTERN MPs are worried by recent debates on northern development, the "Diefenbaker Vision" of the 1958 campaign. They fear one effect of the current revival, unintended by either party, may be to promote the sale of worthless stock in fly-by-night oil companies.

Each party in its own way exaggerates the known worth of oil and minerals in the far north. Both talk as if resources were proven which are merely sought and hoped for. Both talk as if oil companies had sunk vast sums in development, when in fact no company has spent more than a modest cash deposit for exploration rights. In most cases this deposit has not yet gone above five cents an acre, enough to hold exploration rights for the first eighteen months. If the company does explore, as some are doing, it gets back as much of its money as it actually spends on exploration. If it does nothing at all, it still retains exploration rights for a year and a half, with no other penalty than that it doesn't get its nickels back.

For five thousand dollars a shyster promoter could get the rights on a hundred thousand acres for eighteen months, and extend them another eighteen months for only a few thousand dollars more. How many thousands worth of stock he could sell, on the strength of this "property," would depend on his powers of salesmanship—but he would certainly find it easier if the government and the opposition go on outdoing each other in the values they put on Canada's northern treasures.

This is no mere bogey. More than a hundred applicants, companies and individuals, have put in for exploration permits in the far north. Two-thirds of these applicants are unlisted in the latest Canadian Oil and Gas Directory, a Calgary publication that seldom omits any reputable oil man or oil company. No doubt some are bona-fide newcomers, but it's a fair assumption from past experience that a good many are stock shysters.

These have cause to rejoice at the political combat that began two months ago with a broadcast by the prime minister. He said:

"It was because I knew Canadians felt so strongly about the necessity of preserving Canada's destiny that I have advocated, and the government has launched, its national development policy to push back our northern frontiers. The result of our action has been that in the past several weeks over seventy-five million acres in northern Canada have been taken up for oil and mineral

development. And I want to underline that this is a major means to preserve our sovereignty."

In parliament a Liberal MP asked how many acres had gone to U.S., Canadian and other oil companies. By coincidence it happened that on the very day of the prime minister's speech, exploration permits were auctioned off for a large block of three million acres near the proven oil and gas fields of northern B.C. The answer, which came down a few weeks later, referred only to this one sale.

It showed that in this one case, American-owned companies had got ninety-three percent of the acreage and Canadian only four percent (the rest went to British firms).

L. B. Pearson used these figures in the budget debate, to pour scorn on the government's method of "preserving our sovereignty." He apparently thought, mistakenly, that the figures applied to the whole north. Alvin Hamilton, minister of northern affairs, protested indignantly; so did the prime minister. The original answer had stated quite plainly that it referred to one sale only. To give a similar breakdown for the entire north would mean analyzing the structure of every company holding a permit, and Hamilton said this would take a great deal of work.

But the broad outline of the situation is obvious at a glance. About twenty of the companies holding oil permits in the Canadian north are recognizably foreign-owned. They are mostly big companies, and their permits cover vast areas. Another twenty-odd are recognizably Canadian, mostly small, with acreage to match.

The prime minister's point about sovereignty is, of course, unaffected by these facts. The proof of sovereignty is not whose citizens hold the permits, but which government issues them. So long as the oil companies, foreign or not, apply to the Canadian authorities for permission to explore, Canadian sovereignty is both asserted and accepted.

But the really important point, overlooked in the sovereignty argument, is that the rest of these applicants are not recognizable at all. Their holdings are not large, but large enough to give pretext and legality to considerable sales of phony stock.

Actually, even the giants of the oil business are moving slowly in the far north. The market at the moment is awash with oil. Wells in Alberta are cut back to mere dribbles, far below capacity; imports into the U.S. are restricted to save a glutted market for American producers, and keep out cheap oil from the Middle East.

Moreover, even if oil were scarce, the Arctic is full of unsolved problems. Only the most southerly of the potential oil and gas fields in the Mackenzie district are anywhere near either a market or a major pipeline. As for the seventy-five million acres mentioned by the prime minister, these are up in the northern islands, completely surrounded by ice for the greater part of every year.

What makes them even theoretical sources of commercial oil is the recent development of the nuclear submarine. Oil men are giving a lot of thought to underwater tankers, powered by nuclear fuel, which could go straight from the Queen Elizabeth Islands to Britain on

a course hardly longer than the course from Montreal. However, no such undersea craft has yet been built.

Another exciting possibility is the nuclear-powered ice-breaker, which could have vastly greater punch and range than conventional ones. It might keep open, for all or most of the year, northern ports that now are ice-blocked. However, this hasn't been built yet either.

And even if it were, no oil has yet been found in the far north, except for the small field around Norman Wells. Hardly any drilling has yet been done. Even exploration is in the earliest stages, most of it carried out by the Canadian government. In a major project of 1955, two years before the present government took office, the Canadian Geological Survey carried out a reconnaissance by helicopter of a hundred thousand square miles in the northern islands. The geologists found lots of encouraging signs—great depth of sedimentary rock of the right age, numerous "domes" of the kind that often are found above oil pools. Altogether they have blocked out, over the last four summers, more than two hundred thousand square miles of potential oil country. But of actual oil, not a gallon. Any money spent on development is a gamble at very long odds. The gamble will probably be taken, in time, but it's no game for amateurs.

In varying degree this is true of practically everything done and planned in the Arctic. It's all a vast wager on the future, one that may pay off but not for a long while yet. Meanwhile, Arctic experts are becoming mildly embarrassed at the rhetoric of non-experts.

Frobisher Bay is an example, the tiny settlement on Baffin Island that some people already call a "city." Frobisher Bay has an airfield at which the big planes stop on their way from the west coast to Europe. It's not very busy yet—not as busy as Gander, or even Goose Bay—but as the trans-Arctic route develops it will become busier. There is also a small military establishment, at the airport and at a nearby radar station of the Pinetree Line. Because of these things, and certain natural advantages, Frobisher has been made the administrative centre for the eastern Arctic. Its population varies with the season, but at its peak is approaching fifteen hundred.

That's as many people as are expected in Frobisher in the foreseeable future—and that's men, women and children, including Eskimos. However, because it's so difficult and expensive to lay in water and sewer and other services in the far north, Arctic experts said it would be prudent to allow for a very high growth factor, just in case. They recommended that the water mains, etc., be big enough for a town of forty-five hundred.

Somehow that figure got out as the expected population of Frobisher "city." Some enthusiast rounded it out to an even five thousand. The tentative plans for building, which are still in the contemplation stage, became a "seventy-five-million-dollar project."

In fact nobody knows what any sort of building project would cost, though a group of consulting engineers are now trying to make sober estimates. When they've finished their study, the government may be ready to decide what kind to build—if any. Up to now it's not even a final decision to expand Frobisher at all. ★



Government and opposition seem to be outdoing each other in evaluating the north.

BACKSTAGE

WITH THE CANADA COUNCIL

Eggheads or Broadway angels? Here's one city's evidence

THE SUGAR DADDY of our culture for only three years, the Canada Council has already been branded by some Canadians as just too, too esoteric. What's more, the taxpayers who are footing the multi-million-dollar bills still have only the vaguest idea of what their money is producing.

This month one city is getting a chance to find out. The first-ever Council-commissioned play, *Ride a Pink Horse*, opened at Toronto's Crest Theatre, May 7, booked for a 3½-week run.

Here's the evidence the Council's critics will be weighing—and how a commissioned work gets from idea to stage.

Pink Horse is a musical comedy, based on a Maclean's short story (April 15, 1953) by John Gray. The story, called *Subject: Centaur*, was the first Gray ever sold. His first produced play was *Bright Sun at Midnight*, a heavy drama based on diplomat Herbert Norman's 1957 suicide.

Last fall, Gray took a script he'd expanded from *Centaur* to Crest producer Donald Davis. Davis suggested a musical and introduced

Gray to Louis Applebaum, the Stratford Festival's musical director. Though Applebaum had never written a Broadway-style show, he'd "always wanted to." In January, the Canada Council announced grants of \$5,000 to the Crest and to Gratien Gélinas' *Comédie Canadienne* to commission a play each.

To the Crest, it meant the chance to produce their original musical. Murray and Donald Davis, Crest founders and producers, offer one or two Canadian-written shows a year, but have never made money on one. "Without the grant, we couldn't have afforded *Pink Horse*," Donald Davis told Maclean's. Gray and Applebaum were each given \$1,000.

Gray's short story—of a Canadian professor's attempts to import a centaur from Greece—was changed only slightly to fit the musical form. Almost all the characters' names have been revised. The professor's, Werner Albrucht in the story, couldn't be sung. Now it's Walter Patterson.

But the biggest problem was the title. Gray suggested more than



GRAY AND APPLEBAUM
Subsidized centaur

100—everything from *Walter and the Pink Beast* (the centaur's pink) to *Half-Horse, Will Travel*. *Ride a Pink Horse* was suggested by director Word Baker, imported from New York. ("No Canadians with enough experience were available.")

At no time during planning, writing or rehearsal did the Council interfere. Its members didn't know what *Pink Horse* was about until opening night.

The play's full of topical jokes. Targets include Toronto's mayor Nathan Phillips, John Diefenbaker and Ellen Fairclough.

The next Council-commissioned play won't be as lighthearted. The *Comédie Canadienne*'s grant will be used for a drama by Montreal writer Guy Dufresne—a love story to be called *April*. Probable production date: next April.

Backstage WITH WHAT YOU OWE / Why you're \$1,448 in the hole

IN THE BUSTLING what's-a-million era since World War II, most branches of Canadian government, like many Canadian households, have had to borrow heavily to buy and build necessities. The result has been a whopping deficit against every Canadian. Exactly how much do you owe? Here's how it breaks down:

✓ With deficit financing last year, our federal debt now tops \$11.5 billion, roughly \$676 for every man, woman and child. It's up from \$647 in 1958, but well below 1950's postwar high of \$847 per capita. Twelve of every hundred tax dollars now go just to service this debt.

At the other two levels of gov-

ernment, there's a wide variation between provinces.

✓ With oil royalties overflowing government coffers, Alberta has the lowest provincial debt: \$25.13 per capita. Highest is Nova Scotia: \$237.59. In between come Manitoba (\$30), B.C. (\$36), Quebec (\$68), Saskatchewan (\$73), Newfoundland (\$93), Ontario (\$141), New Brunswick (\$203) and P.E.I. (\$218). Average Canadian's provincial debt: \$144.

✓ Municipal debts on record at the Citizens Research Institute or listed in a recent study by Wood, Gundy vary between such typical lows and highs as Lunenburg, N.S.'s \$3.07 per capita and Ste. Foy, Que.'s \$429.61. Here's what

residents of some major cities owe: **Less than \$100:** Timmins, Winnipeg, Saint John, London; **\$100-\$200:** Windsor, Saskatoon, Ottawa, Victoria, Regina, Quebec City, Hamilton, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver, Halifax; **More than \$200:** Toronto, Edmonton, Waterloo, Ont. The average city-dweller owes \$112 on his municipal debt.

Canadians as individuals owe banks \$1.5 billion—about \$85 per capita. Another \$353 each is outstanding on mortgages. Debts to finance companies and retail stores that offer credit: another \$118 per capita.

Total debt for the mythical Average Canadian: \$1,448.

—PETER C. NEWMAN

Backstage

WITH DISCOUNT CATALOGUES

Are mail-order "bargains" a boon for anyone?

"MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE" means to most Canadians, Eaton's of Canada or Simpsons-Sears, each of whom publishes 2,000,000 slickly rotogravured copies of six editions a year. But in the past few years, another type of mail order—the discount catalogue—has become a flourishing Canadian business.

Neither Eaton's nor Simpsons-Sears admits concern—"they haven't hurt our business." But smaller retailers have become upset enough to present briefs to the Combines Investigations office, meet with Ottawa's Department of Justice and, last month, stage a mass rally at Toronto's Massey Hall. Retailers' unrest was behind the government's promise this session to amend Section 34 of the Combines Investigation Act—which prevents price-setting by manufacturers.

How do discount catalogues work? The catalogues themselves are usually free, distributed to a regular mailing list or to all the employees of a large company. A few of the goods listed are at genuine savings: name brands offered at below-retail prices. One catalogue offers a popular woman's electric shaver at \$10.63; usual store price is \$15.95. But most discount catalogue goods, says the Retail Merchants Associa-



When is a saving not a saving?

tion, are "obscure brands of questionable quality offered at inflated prices." The RMA's Winnipeg branch claims to have bought a setting of silver plate at a catalogue's "wholesale" price of \$12.50, while small-town Manitoba stores sold the same setting for \$6.95. The Canadian Jewellers' Association says it bought a diamond ring for \$150 which three gemologists later appraised at a maximum of \$60.

Codes, designed to make the reader feel he's sharing inside information, are frequently used to jack up "retail" values. A travel clock in one catalogue is coded 2050W1290. Catalogue price: \$12.90. The first four digits, without the catalogue actually saying so, convince the buyer he's getting a \$20.50 clock. Some catalogues even print "keys" to their codes.

How widespread are they? No one knows for sure, but the RMA estimates more than 100 are centred in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. Total circulation: "in six figures."

What are their effects? The 1952 Combines Investigation Act prohibited manufacturers from refusing to sell to any dealer. Because stores like Simpsons-Sears know their catalogue prices on some Canadian goods can be undercut, they sometimes buy U.S. products, on which they can get an exclusive franchise.

Background

SHARE THE WEALTH

Most of the news about Alberta's share-the-oil-royalties scheme was made by the gigantic sums divvied up—more than \$20 million in two years. But a few smaller headlines were made by persons getting more than their share (\$20 a head in 1957; \$17.50 last year). Two-year total of convictions: 532 persons claimed two to nine dividends; 122 claimed from ten to 50; six claimed more than 50. For the next five years, the oil royalties will be channeled into hospitals, old-age homes, roads, recreation facilities and a museum.

CONNOISSEUR OF FIDDLES

Among the most prized exhibits at the University of Saskatchewan's golden jubilee this summer will be a quartet of stringed instruments made by the family that taught Stradivari—the brothers Amati. U. of S. bought the two violins, viola and cello, for \$20,000. But not from the usual wealthy European collector. They were owned by Stephen Kolbinson, a 70-year-old Kindersley, Sask., wheat farmer. Kolbinson began playing country fiddle in 1908 after his family immigrated from Iceland,



KOLBINSON

has since spent much of his spare time chasing the rare Amatis.

NO NUTRIA SCARE YET

Are runaway nutrias—tropical rodents raised for fur by 200 Canadian breeders—threatening our crops and homes? Newspaper stories had everyone in Ontario "seeing" wild nutrias. But all the Ontario Federation of Naturalists had reported was two muskrats and a cottontail rabbit. They say it's unlikely wild nutrias could survive the Canadian winter anyway.

SUSAN FACES LIFE

While CBC-TV and Screen Gems Ltd. are sure they chose the right actress from 140 who applied for the title role in the soap opera *Portia*

Faces Life, they still face one problem. Susan Douglas (in real life Mrs. Jan Rubes) during seven years in a New York soap opera bore three children. *Portia*, of course, is a spinster. But the producers aren't worried. "If worst comes to worst, we'll marry her off overnight."

BLAND CHICKENS

Modern food-processing can put a chicken in every pot, but the chicken may not have the taste of yesteryear. Today's poultry is fed soybean meal, which imparts less flavor than old-fashioned fish meal. And the bird is drawn as soon as it's killed, then frozen for market. Result: no bacterial decomposition, which used to tenderize and flavor the flesh.

Editorial

Why shouldn't our pensioners live in the sun?

Every few years some political party terrifies the wealthier citizens of Canada by urging a further boost in the old-age pension, on the ground that no elderly person can possibly live on the stipend he is getting. Whenever this happens, anguished editorials point out that the old-age pension was never intended as a living wage, that it is only supposed to be a supplement to personal savings, and that any further increase will tumble us into bankruptcy, inflation, ruination and the welfare state.

However, since few people are rich and since many remain stubbornly in favor of welfare, we predict that the old-age pension will continue to rise from time to time as the years go by. But for the comfort both of those who want a pension they can live on, and of those who want to keep the cost down, we have a constructive suggestion:

Remove the prohibition against old-age pensioners leaving Canada for more than six months at a time.

It may be impossible to live in Canada on fifty-five dollars a month, but in some parts of the world it is easy. By no coincidence, these happen also to be parts of the world where the climate is less severe, where a man doesn't have to spend about a quarter of a minimum income just keeping himself warm, and where the evening of life can be spent in more comfort than Canada provides. Even in such an advanced and northerly country as Germany, a returning German diplomat recently found that his salary goes about twice as far as it went in Ottawa. In places like Majorca, or the islands in the eastern Mediterranean, or the less tourist-struck parts of the West Indies, a Canadian old-age pensioner would almost be classed among the rich.

To let him go there, if he likes, would not cost the Canadian taxpayer a nickel. The objection that he would be spending his modest income abroad, instead of buying from Canadian merchants and paying rent to a Canadian landlord, strikes us as mean-minded pettifoggery. The slightly stronger objection, that this type of emigration might make tax evasion easier, could be met by simple changes in the law—e.g., no one would be entitled to pension who is avoiding Canadian income tax.

But even if there were other and stronger reasons against it, this freedom for old-age pensioners is a matter of right. The old-age pension is not charity. It is an annuity from the state to which we all contribute, and have been contributing for some time—no one gets it who has lived in Canada less than ten years.

Having paid for it, we ought to be free to take it and spend it where we choose.

Mailbag

- ✓ If religion is taught in school, why not slavery?
- ✓ "A Washington lobby: just the answer"
- ✓ Should a police commissioner be allowed to resign?

If, as the Rev. Stackhouse claims, religion should be taught in schools as part of the human story (April 25) why not teach children about slavery? It is equally a part.—L. J. PEPPER, VICTORIA.

✓ Stackhouse shows a real pioneer spirit and opens the way for progress.—GRACE JONES, SAANICHTON, B.C.

✓ ... should be required reading for all those who are responsible for setting the courses in our schools.—W. F. W. NEVILLE, WINNIPEG.

✓ Religion in the schools? Never. Biblical training? Yes. There are numberless religions, but only one Bible, which is the greatest of all history books.—G. R. PUGH, PLASTER ROCK, N.B.

✓ Wonderful! Nothing will bring about the unity of the Christian church like understanding each other—thank you.—BARBARA MUTTLER, VICTORIA.

✓ Why not leave religion out of the question and have a course of decent behavior? No religion has a monopoly on that.—IRA E. CORNWALL, VICTORIA.

A Canadian lobby?

C. Knowlton Nash's article, Canada Needs a Lobby in Washington (April 25), puts the finger on what is wrong with our method of diplomatic protests. If the solution is that simple we ought to do it.—MISS M. E. JOLLOW, BRANDON, MAN.

✓ ... a scentful picture of putrefying democratic conditions. If you want Canadian politics to come down to the



same level, we'd better lobby in Moscow, U.S.S.R., instead of Washington, D.C.—BRUCE BOKHOUT, KINGSTON, ONT.

Newfoundland and the RCMP

Three cheers for Blair Fraser's Backstage on the RCMP (April 25). No where will the provinces get better trained men for their police work. Their system of training is unique, and their name synonymous with efficiency and good police work.—MRS. M. WILLIAMS, SASKATOON.

✓ Fraser has missed one important point. What right has a commissioner of police to resign if he does not like the orders he is given? Has an army officer the right to resign if he does not like the duty assigned to him? ... One of these days, Canadians will wake up and learn to their sorrow something about the political policeman and the

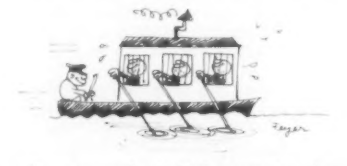
political soldier.—ARTHUR LOWER, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.

To cage the tiger?

I searched through McKenzie Porter's *How Dangerous is Natural Gas?* (April 25) looking for mention of the newly developed material which will keep the "caged tiger" in its cage ... there was no mention of Teflon. It makes an ideal sealing for gas lines.—W. C. KRANE, DOW CORNING SALES, TORONTO.

They're schooners—not jails

Being partly a lower St. Lawrence River man, I would like to compliment John Little on his cover (April 25). The de-



tails are perfect! Unfortunately, the spelling of the name of the type of boat is incorrect. This should be *goelette* not *geolette*. *Goelette* might mean a small gaol; *goelette* means schooner.—B. H. PORTEOUS, WESTMOUNT, QUE.

A Hardy fan

I am ten years old and am a regular reader. I was surprised to read that the Hardy Boys series was old-fashioned (Backstage, April 11). We think the Hardy Boys are interesting and read them all the time. Because we can't get them in the public library we have to buy them and trade them around.—DOUGLAS PATTERSON, OTTAWA.

Keep Sweet and Sour

I trust you are not planning to discontinue Sweet and Sour. It is an entertaining department.—W. B. PARSONS MD, RED DEER, ALTA.
See page 28.

The power of prayer

Thank you for your note about the experiments of the Rev. Franklin Loehr (Preview, April 11) on the growth of plants. May I suggest a contest between teams of various faiths? The plants, I am sure, could be considered impartial. Imagine the excitement of the final pray-off in the world series!—R. G. S. BIDWELL, SPRYFIELD, N.S.

Still working at U. of T.

Barbara Moon (The University of Toronto, April 25) refers to me as the late John Satterly. Miss Moon should have verified her references. I still work—for mere pleasure—in the Physics Building.—JOHN SATTERLY, TORONTO.

✓ As a student at Toronto's sprawling university, I must heartily congratulate Barbara Moon for her uncanny insight into the thread which links the sprawl together.—R. K. TERRIE, TORONTO. ★



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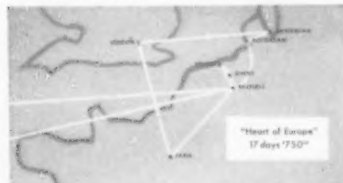


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THE COVER

Reproduced here for the first time, this photo of the Queen was taken by Don McKague of Toronto, who was chosen to photograph Her Majesty in Buckingham Palace in advance of the royal tour next month. Of seventy exposures he made in ninety minutes, we believe this is the most outstanding.

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For the sake of argument



ANGELA BURKE SAYS WE NEED

A new set of ground rules for royal visits

One of the great question marks in this year of Our Lord 1959 is how much longer Canadians can continue gobbling up the gobbledygook written and broadcast about the royal family.

As a newspaper writer who contributed to the royal myth for years, who covered, met and traveled with principal members of the royal family, I have never ceased to be amazed at the voraciousness of the national appetite for the Niagara of royal trivia that gushes forth all year round but most particularly during royal visits.

Even more surprising is the attitude that continues to be the tenor of the nation's press and other communication media when dealing with royal persons. Paeans of praise and flattery are delivered on a basis of absolutely no information but the vital statistics of the families that live in Buckingham Palace and in nearby Clarence House. For the material about the royal family is written by persons like myself who observe but who, in fact, know nothing about the royal family. None has carried on a conversation other than one of a few words restricted to the most superficial banalities. None knows the thinking on any subject whatsoever of any member of the royal family. None is allowed to query a royal person on even the most commonplace subject for the most insignificant opinion.

Misty admiration

This royal tour augurs to be another in that line of visits that produce the ever-same, naive concert of hosannas. Again Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip will be treated as twin deities. Canadians are expected to view worshipfully through misty admiration for six weeks. When the royal couple depart — after crossing the country and meeting the ten lieutenant-governors, the ten premiers, the prime minister and his wife and shaking thousands of assorted hands — the public will know no more about

them than the day they arrived.

This is the archaic pattern followed by all royal-family visitors to Canada, as I am well aware from my experiences as a news-woman and feature writer covering the past Canadian visits of the Queen, Prince Philip, Queen Mother Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra.

These experiences have given me no other information about these royal persons than the myths I read before I met them and reported their doings. After writing two stories a day about Princess Margaret last summer from her arrival in Victoria to her departure almost five weeks later from Halifax, and being with her almost every minute of her every public appearance, generally at a distance of ten feet, I have a clear picture of her appearance — and that's all. I have no clues whatsoever to Margaret's intelligence: for all I know she could have an I.Q. that is slightly sub-normal, or the rating of a genius. Not one indication of the Princess' interests, character, personality or opinions was given throughout that tour to anybody writing and broadcasting that flood tide of twaddle that millions of Canadians apparently devoured and believed.

The same may be said of the Queen's and Prince Philip's previous visits here and of the Queen Mother's week-long trip four years ago. It even applied—heaven only knows why the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra should be sacrosanct to the press — to the three-week tour of eastern Canada made by this attractive mother-and-daughter team a few years ago.

If this sounds like an antimongarchist tirade, I should like to state emphatically that I'm fully in favor of Elizabeth as queen, Philip as consort, of the present House of Windsor, and am more than happy to have Canada a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations. But I have no sympathy whatsoever with **continued on page 48**

AN EX-NEWSPAPERWOMAN, MISS BURKE IS A TORONTO FREELANCE WRITER.

OMPANY



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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Why Britain's biggest stars flopped on TV

If you had happened to be in Pall Mall on a recent night at about eleven o'clock you would have seen the emergence, from a famous club, of one hundred or so men deep in discussion. And you would have seen them break up into little groups and continue their talk as if reluctant to go home.

Also if you had looked carefully you would have seen among them famous personalities of the London stage, mixed with a politician or two, and men from the provinces with the unmistakable mannerisms of the theatrical fraternity.

They had met in private to dine and to discuss the health of the living theatre not merely in London but in the provinces as well. And from the loquacity of the men emerging from the club it was evident that the debate had been a lively one.

The accepted legend is that the theatre is dying but, like Charles II, it is taking an unconscionable time about it. Ever since "flicker pictures" burst upon the entertainment world the theatre has fought a battle of survival. And when TV arrived it was feared that the living drama would be reduced to little more than a memory of past years.

One by one the theatres of Lon-

don went down before the ruthless axe of the demolitionist. You will remember that a number of us got together to try to save that most beautiful of all theatres, St. James's, while Vivien Leigh risked imprisonment in the Tower by making a protest in the sacred chamber of the House of Lords. But it was to no avail.

Down and out went Stoll's Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein's grandfather. The famous old Gaiety had already closed its doors, and at the Lyceum, where Henry Irving ruled so long, "the rest is silence." It was difficult enough for the living theatre to survive the onslaught of the film but when TV came into being it seemed certain that the theatre could be little more than a surviving memory.

No one can deny that television has won its place, not merely as a medium of entertainment and information, but as a companion. It has annihilated loneliness. It allows the human voice to break the silence of the empty house. It brings the poet, the poseur and the politician to one's living room.

In fact as we studied this new era in entertainment it seemed evident that the **continued on page 63**



When Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh tried to use stage techniques in a TV drama, the results, says Baxter, were "almost embarrassing."

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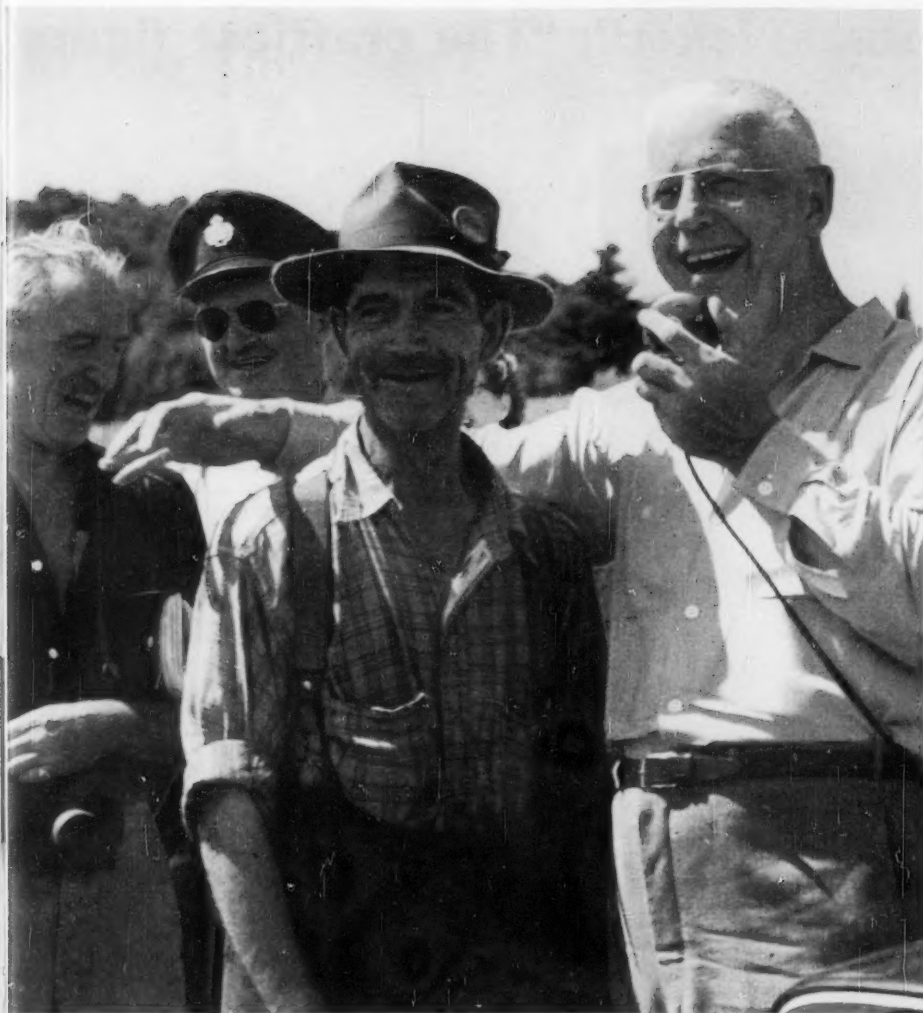


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Genuinely enjoying informality, Premier Frost addresses forest fire fighters at Dorset, Ontario.

Next to Diefenbaker, he's the nation's most important politician. For ten years he's steered his Ontario Tories through scandal and sheer adulation, and yet he remains the nation's least-known major figure. How—and why—does he do it?

BY
McKENZIE
PORTER

For ten years the second most important job in the public life of this country has been held by one of the least-known Canadian politicians. The job is that of premier of Ontario, and the firmly unspectacular figure who holds it is Leslie Miskampbell Frost. As head of a government which administers Canada's richest and most populous province, Frost holds a viewpoint which commands the respect of the molders of national policy. As a Conservative he probably ranks next in the party hierarchy to John Diefenbaker. Many people still believe that if he had chosen to try, Frost could have wrested his party's national

leadership from Diefenbaker at the historic convention of 1956, and so, perhaps, have become prime minister of Canada. And though there is no evidence that Frost wants the job, many still believe he might eventually become Diefenbaker's successor as head of both the party and the country.

Frost clearly is a man about whom Canadians should know more. The fact that they don't is due not so much to national indifference to provincial figures as to Frost's studied determination to impersonate a nonentity. He grew up among people who suspect flamboyance and he shrinks from

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Leslie Frost's masquerade as the common man



When parliament's sitting, the Frosts exchange their Lindsay home for a Toronto hotel suite.

"He's a marvelous brain-picker"; "The craftiest figure in



Although he's a fervent admirer of Lincoln, Frost seldom rises above the prosaic in his speeches.



"Nobody pushes me around," he says, "except my wife." Here Mrs. Frost serves coffee to friends.

the headline hunting that characterizes the behavior of many politicians.

Born in Orillia, ninety miles north of Toronto — a locality that inspired Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* — Frost earned his first dollar as a lawyer in nearby Lindsay, an equally small, tranquil and sober-sided community. The voters of Victoria, the riding in which Lindsay stands, first elected him to the provincial legislature twenty-two years ago because they were charmed by his avuncular manner and ability to remember nearly all their Christian names.

Frost's early speeches were so dull that they rarely made a line in the newspapers. He dwelt on hog subsidies, cheese prices, mill rates and loans to municipalities for waterworks, sewage plants and incinerators. But his grasp of these mundane and essential matters made him a valuable back-room boy.

In 1943, at the age of forty-eight, he became provincial treasurer in the government of George Drew. He underestimated revenues, overestimated expenditures, concentrated on debt reduction and kept a sharp rein on ministers who showed a tendency toward departmental extravagance. As a result he brought down a series of budget surpluses that deeply impressed serious students of provincial politics. To the man in the street, however, Frost remained almost unknown.

Two significant events spurred him on in his political career. First, Cecil Frost, Les Frost's beloved brother and law partner, a man who'd risen to be president of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Association, died in 1947. Friends think that Frost felt the loss so keenly he no longer had any enthusiasm for the law practice in Lindsay. While he retained a financial interest in the practice he took on other partners to run it and gave all his time to politics.

The second event was the resignation of Premier George Drew, who moved to Ottawa to lead the federal opposition. For a year the late Tom Kennedy, a "grand old man" of Ontario, held the premiership in a "caretaker" capacity. Then, at a Conservative convention in 1949 the hard-headed delegates, who were aware of Frost's relative obscurity but equally well aware of his qualities, nominated him as successor to Kennedy. Slowly Ontario began to take an interest in the quiet man who had risen so unobtrusively to power.

Today they see a grey-haired sixty-four-year-old man who carries his bulky five-foot-eleven frame with an air of weary nobility, an effect heightened by a slight limp from a World War I wound. Frost wears expensive, sober clothes, but to the chagrin of his clever, handsome and ambitious wife, Gertrude, he always contrives to take on a look of rumpled negligence. Rimless glasses, a striking facial pallor and a ponderous way of speaking suggest gravity, industriousness and formality. At a political meeting a woman once exclaimed to him: "I never realized you were so plain."

Behind that plain façade, however, lies a sagacious brain. Chief Justice Dana Porter of Ontario says: "Les Frost is a master of political strategy and he has an uncanny grasp of the problems and emotions of the ordinary man." Colonel G. A. Weeks, a native of Lindsay, and a hunting and

re in the Tory den"

fishing crony of the premier's for more than forty years, says: "Every Conservative in the country knows that Les Frost is the most eligible successor to Diefenbaker. But I don't think you'll ever see him at Ottawa. He is a greater specialist in provincial affairs than he is in federal affairs and on these grounds he thinks it is his duty to remain in Toronto."

Since Frost took office in 1949 Ontario's population — augmented by more than half the post-war immigrants to Canada — has increased from four million to five and a half million, and the province's contribution to total Canadian production has risen from thirty-three to forty-one percent.

Claiming credit for unprecedented development and prosperity, Frost's government, in two elections, has reduced the opposition parties to two tiny groups. Out of ninety-eight seats only eleven are held by Liberals and only three by CCFers. So enormous is the Conservative majority that Frost's government stands up to attack with the aplomb of a battleship's crew under light machine-gun fire.

While the government has been embarrassed by scandals or near scandals, Frost's personal reputation is such that he can face his foes serenely and dismiss as mere "indiscretions" charges of ministerial corruption. Frost's bland attitude toward a construction scandal that resulted in the resignation of George Doucett, minister of highways, in 1954, aroused the opposition to fury. Arthur Reaume, a Liberal MLA, says: "Frost is a whited sepulchre. He is double-tongued and two-faced. He puts the telescope to his blind eye."

CCF leader Donald C. MacDonald says: "Frost is personally incorruptible. But he has two sets of moral standards. One for himself and one for the party. He is the craftiest figure in the Tory den and the greatest one-man show in Canadian politics. He will sacrifice anything or anybody to defend the party's reputation."

Donald MacDonald splashed the latest and biggest blot on the Conservative party's escutcheon in 1957 when he produced evidence in the legislature to show that Philip Kelly, minister of mines, had made a fortune out of stock in the Northern Ontario Natural Gas Company. The stock soared in value after the Ontario government decided to share in the financing of a pipeline. Two other cabinet ministers, George Griesinger and Clare Mapledoram, had bought NONG stock on Kelly's advice. After a government enquiry all three resigned.

During the eight-week parliamentary session that ended last Easter, Donald MacDonald was on his feet day after day insisting that Frost had been aware of Kelly's interest in NONG before the government decided to invest in the pipeline.

Frost denied this indignantly. He said that while he always warned his ministers to keep out of any stock that might benefit from government policy, it was not his practice to ask them for an accounting of their private holdings.

Toward the end of one of the bitterest sessions on record MacDonald fired two shots that broke Frost's legendary self-control. First MacDonald said that Frost must have

continued on page 65



"The government's task is doing the things that have to be done."



"We do a little here and a little there, then wait for next year."



"I am a pragmatist. Let us look at both sides and choose the best."



"We'll never solve all problems of our three levels of government."



"We can't have full employment all the time without regimentation."



"I'm engaged to a wonderful gentleman," said Zsa Zsa. "This is his ring. Or perhaps you didn't notice?"
Reports Hutchison: "I was wondering how she managed to raise her arm under the weight of this cargo."



HUTCHISON IN HOLLYWOOD: I

Bruce Hutchison visits ZSA ZSA GABOR

On the prowl in movieland,
for a new series for Maclean's,
this dignified historian started out
by dropping in on a sex goddess.
He departed neither sadder nor wiser,
but it was one of the most
memorable interviews since
W. C. Fields met Mae West

How I got into the clutches of Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor (pronounced Gabour to rhyme with amour) I can't rightly say. One thing led to another. This affair, let it be understood from the beginning, was innocent on both sides, highly intellectual, and pure to the point of horror. But it didn't turn out as planned.

It had been planned as a scientific inquiry into a major North American phenomenon—an impartial analysis of Hollywood's primary commercial product, loosely called Sex Appeal, as pre-eminently represented by the Hungarian enchantress.

It turned out instead to be a rather ghastly joke. The joke, of course, was on me. Miss Gabor saw to that with her unequaled experience and a cunning which I can only call diabolical.

But I forgave her everything. She and her fellow practitioners are greatly misunderstood.

Having flown across the continent to interview a love goddess, I saw that a man had been sent on a boy's errand the moment I entered her mansion outside Los Angeles. I was too old for this grim kind of work and much too naïve.

The mansion's owner (as I learned too late) had been trained from girlhood as an expert fencer and had kept herself in athletic train-

ing. Now she stood at her doorway alert, taut, *en garde*.

She was dressed for combat, armored in martial crimson from head to foot. The long, shapeless housecoat revealed nothing but a nimbus of argent hair, an exquisite face of glazed ceramic and two tiny hands. They gripped an invisible rapier. Armed with nothing more than a pencil, a notebook and a simple, rustic faith, I faced a deadly duel.

Not that Miss Gabor was impolite or inhospitable. She was charming, overpowering, delicious. She squeezed my hand warmly, dazzled me by a smile that would keep the St. Lawrence ice-free all winter, laughed gaily in soft, metallic tinkle and expressed a deep admiration for my country, my profession and my mind. She **continued on page 50**

"We had to march arm in arm like a bride and groom. I found it dreadful but inescapable."



"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

**The
night
of terror
we'll
never
forget**



The children were alone when the bandits came.

With guns in hand, they waited for us. When they took me

away to open the supermarket safe,

the leader said to my wife: "Take a good look at your husband.

It may be the last time..."

BY VICTOR DESGROSEILLIERS

The worst night my family and I ever spent was about four years ago. There were four men who made it so horrible, and one of them said to us when he left, "I guess you'll remember this night for quite a while, eh?"

How right he was. It helped kill my wife, Teresa. It fixed my little daughter Louise so that she still can't sleep in a dark room. It put me in hospital for over a month, and finally we had such terrible memories about it that we felt compelled to sell our house and move.

That night has scarred all our lives so badly that none of us will ever be the same again.

I'm the manager of the Dominion Store in Cornwall, Ont., which is now the headquarters city for the St. Lawrence Seaway. The seaway was just getting going back in 1955, and the Dominion Stores people persuaded me to leave my own grocery shop which I was running in Manchester, N.H., and come up to Canada to manage their new \$250,000 store. I was born in New Hampshire (in 1908) but I had worked for the A&P stores all over Quebec—Valleyfield, Lachute, Rouyn—from 1930 until 1952, when I went back home to start my own business. I married in Montreal in 1934. My wife was of French-Canadian stock, like myself.

The Dominion Store is in the middle of downtown Cornwall, and when it opened for business in March, 1955, it was the only big supermarket in town. We did a roaring business, especially on weekends. I suppose it was foolish of me, but I didn't think it necessary to make night bank deposits of the money we took in. Our own safe was very strong, and it stood in the store window, exposed on all sides and lit by two

spotlights. You'd have thought it would be impossible for anyone to even think of trying to crack it. And it was just across the street from the provincial police. In fact they have a special parking area for their cars along the curb, not twenty feet away from the safe.

Yet that's what those four men wanted—the money that was in our safe that night: \$17,456.17 in bills, silver and pennies. They sat in the store parking lot and watched us for days. I found out later, and they figured out just what hours the police did their rounds. When the time came to strike, they struck. They were real professionals if I ever saw them. Or at least one of them was—the tall fellow, the chief.



After the robbery the family group who had been held captive managed smiles for camera: daughters Ghislaine (left) and Louise; their mother, who died a year ago; Laurent Langlois (upper left), then Ghislaine's boy friend; sons Roland and Robert.

It was on a Saturday night, Nov. 26, 1955, quite a nice evening. My wife and I had gone out about 9:30 to play some 500 Rummy with our friends, the Majors, who still run the motel at the bottom of Bryden Avenue, the street where we lived at that time.

When we left, our two teen-age boys Robert and Roland were watching hockey on TV; Louise, our four-year-old youngest was in bed; Ghislaine, our 19-year-old daughter, was in the bathroom getting fixed up to go to a dance downtown with her date, Laurent Langlois. He works in Courtauld's, the big silk mill in Cornwall.

We walked down to the Majors' because it was only a block or so.

When we were coming back to the house, about midnight, I saw somebody run from our driveway into the house, which was fairly dark. I said to my wife, "What goes on here?" and ran after the man. I dashed up the steps and slammed open the door. Only the bathroom light was on, so I was halfway down the passageway to the kitchen before I saw what was going on.

And then I thought I must be going mad, or it was a crazy joke or something. Robert, my 16-year-old, was standing there in the kitchen, looking scared. Behind him was a dark-haired man with a white hanky over his face, poking the barrel of a Luger in his back. There was another taller man, also masked, standing to my right, near the door to the boys' bedroom. He had a sawed-off shotgun and he was pointing it right at me.

"Come right in, Vic," the tall man said. I thought, "He knows my name." continued on page 60

Roland (right), who was tied up in his bed, showed how the bandits fastened his brother Robert to a chair.

◀ The author shows that the safe, looted in 1955, still stands in the same spot—across from police station.



WEST GERMAN FORCES: BACKED BY WEST

CAN WE AVOID A SHOOTING BATTLE FOR BERLIN?

The new battle for Berlin, now opening on the diplomatic front, is a tougher challenge in some ways than the bloody campaign of 1945. Just back from Germany, a seasoned reporter weighs the West's chances in this crucial Cold War clash

BY BLAIR FRASER

When the Great Powers' foreign ministers meet this month to plan a summit conference, they launch the most hazardous diplomatic venture the West has undertaken since World War II.

East-West confrontations are nothing new, nor is their failure remarkable. Since VE-day there have been two at the summit, a dozen at foreign-minister level, hundreds at lower rungs of the official ladder, and all but one or two have failed. But up to now these failures have done little actual harm. This time it may be different. Chances of success are as dim as usual if not dimmer, and chances are high that a failure will be a calamity.

At one extreme is the danger of war, a truly preposterous war. Widows of men who died to capture Berlin would be asked to send their sons to fight, in order that one half of Berlin should be spared the fate of the other half. The men closest to the problem don't really think it will come to this (they don't believe Khrushchev wants war over Berlin any more than we do) but they cannot rule out the possibility.

The other extreme is a danger less grave but more probable, the collapse of the Western alliance. West Germany is the strongest NATO partner on the continent of Europe, the only one capable of putting up a real fight. To the Germans, Berlin is a test case. The allies are pledged to fight if West Berlin is attacked; if they don't stand by their word, in spirit as well as in letter, Germany will have no more faith in the alliance. Neither will anyone else in the long run.

Between the two extremes lies a welter of pious confusion. For all the talk about unity and solidarity the allies are not in fact united on any substitute for the *status quo*—the continued, precarious existence of West Berlin as a free island in a Communist ocean. But the nearest thing to a certainty in this uncertain region is that the *status quo* cannot endure. Khrushchev has pronounced it intolerable, and Khrushchev has the power to upset it by a wide variety of means. Not all of these means require open violence on his part.

In this alarming situation the West Germans have a special cause for alarm. They believe (rightly, I think) that outside their own borders, the ordinary citizen in Western countries knows little and cares less about the impending crisis in Berlin. The Germans feel like the little man in the advertisements of the Philadelphia Bulletin, vainly pointing out the approach of disaster while "nearly everybody" goes on reading the sports page. In the hope of correcting this the West German government has been inviting platoons of foreign journalists (a dozen from Canada alone) to come to Berlin and write about what they see and hear there.

Unhappily the problem looks just as difficult at short range as at long. None of us came back with any answers—and our German hosts, to their credit, made no attempt to force any down our throats. What we did get was a clearer view of the questions, and a clearer idea of how important Berlin is to both sides in the cold war, and why.

We could see, for example, why Khrushchev



EAST GERMAN FORCES: BACKED BY RUSSIA

finds West Berlin unbearable, "a bone in my throat." West Berlin provides both a focus and a stimulus for the burning hatred of communism and all its works, for their state of captivity and for their Russian masters, that any visitor can find among the East Germans.

Standing in the rain on the main square of Leipzig, listening to Nikita Khrushchev speak in Russian to twenty thousand people who had marched there behind banners and bands, I was surprised to feel a nudge in the ribs. A German standing beside me said quietly: "Listen well. Only on the microphone is coming the cheering. The people do not cheer."

It was true. Every few minutes as the Khrushchev speech was translated, roars of applause came over the loudspeakers, but as far as I could see or hear around me, nobody was making any noise at all. They stood glum and silent, the rain dripping off hats and umbrellas. Real applause came only when Khrushchev said, as he did several times, "Our objective is peace, peace," and, "There must be a peace treaty with Germany."

What amazed me was nothing Khrushchev said, but the fact that a German would make such a remark to a stranger. Notebook in hand and wearing an English topcoat, I was obviously not only a Westerner but a Western reporter. This German wanted the crowd's true reaction to be known

abroad and was not afraid to speak his mind.

Four days later, walking away from another Khrushchev meeting in East Berlin, a woman I had just met said: "Khrushchev himself is not unpopular with us. We think he is a clever man, cleverer than your Eisenhower. It is Walter Ulbricht (East German Communist boss) who is unpopular. He is really hated. I should not be surprised if he were assassinated before long."

A girl of twenty said: "I shall never marry in East Germany. All the attractive men go away to the West. Nobody stays here but the timid, the stupid, and a few fanatics."

(I've disguised these conversations slightly, for obvious reasons, but all the words are accurately quoted as spoken to me, in English.)

What dictatorship could ignore such bold and open hostility, in a subject people, as the visitor is able to see in East Germany today? It's a continual proof, to Russian and German alike, how precarious is the Communist grip on this vital sector of middle Europe. And there seems to be little doubt, from what Germans say on both sides of the curtain, that what makes them so bold in their hostility is the avenue of escape through West Berlin. A quarter of a million get away each year.

Escape through West Berlin is fairly easy. Travel in the Soviet zone is not yet rigidly con-

trolled, so it's not too difficult to get to Communist East Berlin from other parts of East Germany. Once there, all the refugee has to do is board a subway or an elevated tram. Both go back and forth quite freely between East and West Berlin, a traffic that could be cut but not without tremendous cost and inconvenience to both sides.

The decision to run away is still a hard one. The refugee must leave behind all he owns except what he can carry in a not-too-noticeable suitcase. He must also take with him, if he can, every relative whose fate he cares about. The Communists often punish those who stay behind for the "crime" of those who leave.

Not every runaway gets through. One afternoon Frank Swanson of the Southam Newspapers and I were riding back to West Berlin on the subway when a policeman came aboard at the last stop in East Berlin. He spoke to a woman sitting next to Frank; she opened her handbag. He looked into it, then told her to get off with him. It was done so quietly we hardly noticed what was happening.

But the astonishing thing is not that some are caught, escaping or smuggling. The astonishing thing is that so many get through, even when obviously laden with all the portable goods they own. Dr. Karl Zimmer, head of the refugee reception centre in West Berlin, explained why: "Everyone tries to help the one who is running away. The other passengers on the train, the ticket-takers, the guards and the conductors — they're all on the refugee's side."

Even the police?

"No, not the police, but practically everybody else."

A few minutes later we got a rather startling indication of how high up, in East Germany, this tacit conspiracy extends. Apparently it even includes the judges and the courts.

By coincidence, one of **continued on page 56**

The leaders of a divided Germany await the Great Powers' fateful Summit decision



ADENAUER



STRAUSS



VON BRENTANO



PIECK



GROTEWOHL



ULBRICHT

WEST GERMANY'S rulers believe negotiation over Berlin—rather than over the broader issue of Germany as a whole — would be disastrous for the West.

EAST GERMANY'S leaders are pushing Khrushchev's proposal to make Berlin a "free city" — which, West Germans say, would make it a Russian satellite.



When the pressures of his business life become almost unbearable this executive could summon the aid of the Schultz method of auto-hypnosis.



He pictures a tranquil, relaxed scene—"a secure feeling as though nothing mattered." After the trance is over, post-hypnotic suggestion begins.

A Montreal psychiatrist claims **SELF-HYPNOSIS**



By Dr. Lloyd Hisey
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN BELL

Most people shudder at the idea of being hypnotized.

But a few have discovered that under medical guidance they can

use a European method of self-hypnosis to ease

worries, increase useful energy and break bad habits. It's even

credited with helping cure alcoholism



Relaxed and refreshed, the executive can concentrate on his immediate problems. Specialists believe that four out of five can be hypnotized.

HOW IT FEELS TO HYPNOTIZE YOURSELF

Patients starting on a course of self-hypnosis ask plenty of questions. The two commonest questions are: "What will it feel like?" and "How will it help me?" The following excerpt is from a letter I received from a patient some years after he had learned "to Schultz," as he calls it in tribute to the originator of the idea.

— DR. LLOYD HISLEY

Recollections of my first hypnotic trance are vague. I know I was scared, but I cannot remember why. Anyway, that fear didn't last long. The trance sensation changed quite a bit as I got more experience, but today it has settled into a pattern.

I just sink into a happy sort of oblivion. Sometimes it comes fast, sometimes slow. I can usually rush it if time is short, but if distractions are great or my tension is high, it might take a little longer. But it *never* fails to develop.

I sink — that's the only word — into a condition of complete physical comfort and utter peace of mind. No matter whether I am resting easily on a bed or folded up in the back of a bouncing taxi, whether I am in a quiet darkened room, or in a noisy machine shop. I just "cut out" the noise; I tell myself that my body is perfectly relaxed and comfortable.

It is **continued on page 47**

S could help you beat your tensions

Across my desk the young man looked tense and determined. Even more tense and more determined than a young, under-forty executive needed to look.

"Doctor, I understand hypnosis can stop my drinking."

He obviously wanted to say more so I didn't interrupt.

"I've heard hypnosis can do it but I've heard other things, too. I understand the effects of hypnosis eventually wear off, and that I would have to keep coming back all the time for more treatments. I need some help and I'm willing to pay for it. But I can't keep paying for ever."

He was right — in part. He had the gist of the facts though to be more accurate he should have said "might possibly stop my drinking." And he did not know about the one answer that might fit both his problem and his pocketbook.

It was "autogenous training," or for those not afraid of the word, auto-hypnosis. (An American form of the phrase is "autogenic" training.)

Today, six years later, at the mid-forty point in life where many a stable man starts to come

apart at the seams, this young man has his feet more firmly planted on the ground than ever before. He is twice as valuable to his firm and is paid accordingly, his family life has taken on a real and cherished meaning for him, he never touches liquor and actually enjoys being without it.

It would be rash to give auto-hypnosis all the credit, or to claim this as the predicted pattern for all who tried it. But there is no doubt that this new (on this continent) method made it possible for this young man and others like him to quit leaning on the bottle long enough to use their own intelligence to help themselves. It can do the same for many more.

And drinking is but one problem that lends itself to do-it-yourself hypnosis. Overweights, heavy smokers, neurotic victims of tension, insomniacs and many others can find a new way to deal with a particular difficulty, a new way to attack the whole problem of living. But more of this later.

There are a score of methods of dealing with problem drinking. Most of them have some value in some cases. But here is a gim-

mick that can be useful to many. It is estimated that eighty percent of the population can be hypnotized; perhaps half that number have the determination to learn this practical device for self-help and self-improvement.

Autogenous training was developed by the Berlin psychiatrist J. H. Schultz many years ago. It is well known and widely used in Europe, but has been slow to take root in North America. The word hypnosis frightens North Americans. It rings with accents of Svengali and the stage performer.

Schultz let his mind run backward to stumble on his stratagem. He noted that hypnotic subjects in a trance almost all showed or reported similar physical symptoms—heavy arms and legs, slow deep breathing, a warmth in all limbs and particularly in the pit of the stomach, a coolness of the forehead, a pleasant sinking sensation — not unlike descent in an elevator — and a generally secure feeling, as though nothing mattered.

If these sensations could be created in some other fashion, *by the subject himself*, he might actually be able to **continued on page 44**



1850s: Gzowski, already renowned as an engineer, posed with his family at his Toronto estate. It's now a city park.



1890s: A national figure, Sir Casimir sat with Lord Aberdeen (dark beard), then governor-general of Canada.

What it's like to have a famous (but forgotten)

SIR CASIMIR STANISLAUS GZOWSKI

paved Toronto's Yonge Street, built Niagara's International Bridge, much of Montreal's harbor.

He was a colonel, a lawyer, an educator,

a sportsman and a close friend of Sir John A. Macdonald's.

But today people can't even pronounce—let alone remember—our family name

BY PETER GZOWSKI

I estimate that three thousand times during my six years as a working journalist, I have had to leave my name with a secretary or switchboard girl. On two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-seven of those occasions I have been forced to spell my name: "G-for-George—no, GEE—Z—that's right ZED—O-W-S—yes, GEE-ZED-O-W-S-K-I—no, I—S-K-I—pronounced ZOSKI."

The exceptions were two calls to my grandfather, also named Gzowski, and one to the secretary of the public-relations department of the Ontario Jockey Club.

Yet this difficult-to-pronounce, impossible-to-

spell and now-all-but-forgotten name was once as well known—and as important—in Canada as any of the legions of Mac's, Mc's, O's, 'sons and occasional 'bakers that now swell our archives, ring through Hansard and shine from brass plaques in a thousand grey public buildings.

The first man to bring this name to these shores—in 1833—was a swashbuckling engineer-nobleman-lawyer, exiled from his native Poland for his part in a revolution in which he fought against his father. He was knighted by Queen Victoria and was appointed her colonial aide-de-camp; Sir John A. Macdonald was among his closest personal friends and his business partners included some of the greatest men of his era. He built the nucleus of the CNR; he was a key engineer for Toronto's Yonge Street, the longest and

probably most famous thoroughfare in Canada; he designed and built many of Montreal's harbor facilities and the International Bridge over the Niagara River.

Without his foresight today's magnificent Niagara Parks system would likely never have existed; for twenty years he was a member of the senate of the University of Toronto and he became chairman of its Anglican theological college, Wycliffe; he was visitor to the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont., colonel of the Royal Canadian Engineers and a founder of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. Toronto has named a park after him—though not the one occupying the land on which his mansion once stood—and Kitchener, Ont., has named a street for him. **continued on page 32**

n) **ancestor**



The author, his wife Jeanette and son Peter Casimir in their Toronto apartment re-create the atmosphere of the Notman portrait of Sir Casimir.



"This is a most unusual mission, dedicated not to the destruction of life but to the saving of it."

AIR MARSHAL SIR BASIL EMBRY,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
SECOND TACTICAL AIR FORCE

BREAKOUT at Amiens Prison

NOON, Feb. 18, 1944.

INSIDE, 300 condemned Resistance leaders.

OUTSIDE, twenty-two guerillas.

IN THE AIR, eighteen RAF Mosquitoes.

Then came the unchronicled quarter-hour of holocaust and heroism that rekindled the fighting spirit of France



High noon: first bomb hits the prison wall. Scant moments later smoke from direct hits obscures the rubble-filled yard. A direct hit blew down the prison's inner gate.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY TERENCE ROBERTSON

In February 1944 two men who never met planned and executed one of the most brilliant, bizarre and tragic jail breaks in history. One was Dominic Ponchardier, a twenty-six-year-old, wild-looking Frenchman, whose unkempt exterior masked stubborn courage and an unshakable faith in Allied victory. The other was Group Captain Pat Pickard, a lithe, tall, blond, blue-eyed Royal Air Force fighter ace.

The plan to rescue three hundred Resistance leaders condemned to die in the fortress prison of Amiens was conceived and nurtured in the imaginative mind of Ponchardier; it was Pick-

ard who volunteered to open the way to freedom by blasting down the prison walls.

Uncompromising destiny enmeshed these two in the autumn of 1943, when the heartbeat of France began to drown in a flood of underground political strife. The smoothly functioning network of active Resistance units, so laboriously spun by the now imprisoned leaders, came under the authority of second-rate opportunists; it split apart, and suffered in power and influence.

Communist groups operating under orders from Moscow defected from the over-all move-

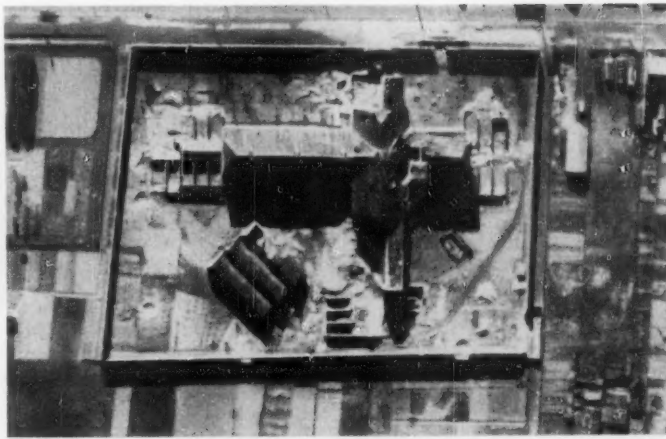
ment to work in fields directly opposed to the aims of those controlled by London. They concentrated on spreading propaganda as damaging to the Western allies as it was to the Nazi overlords.

Morale sank, informers were everywhere. The unscrupulous could live luxuriously on betrayal bounty; on the other hand, recruits for the increasingly hazardous work could be promised at best, death, at the worst, torture.

In that autumn, one organization after another was penetrated by traitors and smashed, each yielding information about others. With



Drawing by Robert Bruce



Desperate prisoners (see drawing) fled through this hole in the wall. Five weeks after the raid, the escape hole (upper right) was still evident.

the hands of the Gestapo tightening about its throat, the strength of the entire movement was slowly ebbing.

Some spectacular coup which might destroy the national dread of the all-powerful Gestapo was needed to rekindle the latent passions of France.

Three young Frenchmen had never given up—Ponchardier and his principal lieutenants, Jean Beaurin, a lissome youth not yet twenty, and a reckless adventurer known simply as Pépé.

Trailed by a handful of followers, these

three stalked northern France blowing up bridges, derailing trains, slitting throats and harassing the enemy wherever he was vulnerable. Night duty became a frightening experience for German sentries. Threats to execute ten hostages for every German found dead gave them no protection.

Young Beaurin was the train destroyer. On September 22, Beaurin and his men wrecked a Paris-Abbeville express carrying six hundred German troops. The surviving Germans drove off the attacking saboteurs and Beaurin was captured. Ponchardier

continued on page 38

Hero of the raid, tall, blond Group Captain Pat Pickard of the RAF was shot down in flames.





HE'S DIFFERENT

*Junior has gone individual.
In fact, his whole future depends
On being a non-conformist —
Like all the rest of his friends!*

May Richstone



Sweet & sour

"Get a load of this, Harriet. 'Mrs. A has five dollars. She buys a dozen oranges at two cents apiece and an eight-pound leg of lamb at thirty-seven cents a pound; four dozen eggs at forty cents a dozen . . .'"

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



American invaders at Fort Henry



"You married?"

IN OTHER WORDS

By Bob O'Boyle

"Seriously, though, drinking is no real problem for me. I can take it or leave it alone."
("I haven't been able to stay on the wagon for more than a week in the last ten years.")

"Thank you for your interesting letter of application. There are no positions available at the moment, but we will certainly keep your letter on file and refer to it if an opening does arise."
("Your application just hit the wastepaper basket.")

"How did I manage to stop smoking? Well, about a year ago I decided to kick the habit, so I quit. Nothing to it."
("Doctor told me to cut them right out — or else.")

"Generally, however, Johnny has shown improvement during the last term."

("The kid's a menace to society. But come hell or low grades, I'm getting him out of my class and into the next grade.")

"Naw, my wife won't be mad. I've got her well trained."

("I'll probably be in the doghouse for two weeks.")

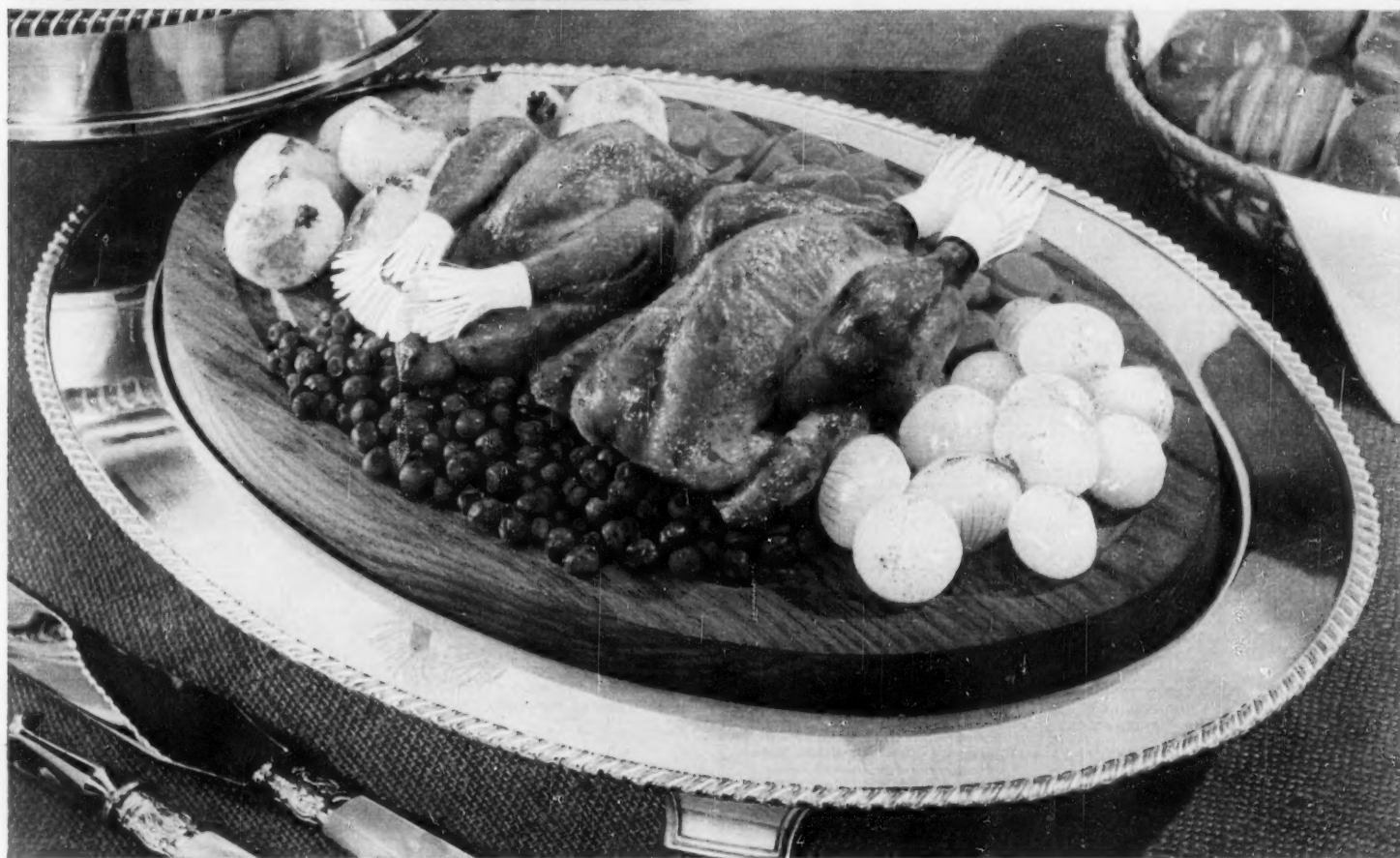
"George is in bed with a bad cold and won't be in for work today."

("We didn't get home till four this morning, and I can't wake him up.")



THIS MARK GUIDES YOU TO DEPENDABLE BUYS

...and successful dishes!



On the silver tray: succulent, golden-roasted chickens by Maple Leaf. In the basket: crusty hot rolls made with Domestic shortening, about to be spread with Margene margarine.

BUYING HINT: To make sure you have enough chicken or turkey for everyone, follow this simple rule: for each person, allow $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pound chicken for roasting; $\frac{1}{2}$ bird or $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pound chicken for broiling; $\frac{1}{2}$ bird or $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pound chicken for frying; $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 pound turkey for roasting.

ROASTING TIP: Rub bird with Margene margarine and place on rack in open roasting pan. A shallow pan is best because it allows heat to reach the bird evenly, assuring an all-over golden-brown colour. Maple Leaf Bacon slices laid across the upturned breast do a wonderful basting job!

STUFFING SURPRISE: Add a gourmet touch to your favourite bread stuffing recipe: add one cup canned, sliced mushrooms, or one pint of oysters, drained and coarsely chopped. Make plenty—there'll be seconds all around! But do not pack too closely, bread stuffing swells in cooking.

THE "CP" MARK: WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU—enjoyment and good nourishment for your family! You put so much thought and skill into their favourite dishes, you deserve the finest ingredients that modern, scientific methods can produce and process. This is pledged by our "CP" mark on every product we offer. Look for it—buy by it!

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Macleans' Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

CARLTON-BROWNE OF THE F.O.: Terry-Thomas (right) as a baffled bumbler from the United Kingdom's foreign office and Thorley Walters as a majestically incompetent colonel are both funny fellows in this wacky British comedy, which carries the trademark of the makers of *Private's Progress* and *Brothers in Law*. The plot is less consistently ingenious than those of its forerunners but its best moments are hilarious.

THE LOST MISSILE: Ottawa is suddenly destroyed by a mysterious flaming rocket from outer space, after which the invader's orbit begins approaching New York. Smart use of stock shots and newsreel material, clever editing, stilted acting and corny dialogue are among the good and bad points of this science-fiction thriller.

THE NAKED MAJA: A lavish, stodgy costume melodrama about the younger days of Spain's great Francisco Goya. Anthony Franciosa portrays the artist, and a somewhat gaunt Ava Gardner is the tantalizing Duchess of Alba.

OPERATION AMSTERDAM: A few hours before Hitler crushed Holland in 1940, an English major and two Dutch civilians were given a top-secret job: to round up and take to London a fortune in Dutch diamonds. As a film, this true story becomes an exciting cloak-and-dagger adventure. Tony Britton, Peter Finch and Alexander Knox are the gem-rescuers, and Eva Bartok is a bereaved Dutch girl who helps them.

PORK CHOP HILL: The savage and seemingly senseless last-ditch fighting that took place in Korea just before the peace treaty is vividly re-created in this stark and sombre foxhole drama directed by Lewis Milestone, who made *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Gregory Peck is the lieutenant in charge. Rating: good.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY: The screen edition of the William Faulkner novel is crammed with hifalutin "significance" which somehow never comes into sharp focus. In other respects it is merely the latest in Hollywood's inextinguishable series of White Trash dramas of the Deep South. With Yul Brynner, Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Al Capone: Real-life crime drama. Good.
Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair.
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.

Bachelor of Hearts: Comedy. Fair.
Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
The Buccaneer: Historical drama. Fair.

The Captain's Table: Comedy. Fair.
Compulsion: Crime drama. Good.
Count Your Blessings: Comedy. Fair.
A Cry From the Streets: British drama re orphans. Fair.

The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by G.B.S. Fair.

First Man Into Space: Horror. Fair.
Floods of Fear: Drama. Fair.
Foxiest Girl in Paris: Comedy. Fair.

Gideon of Scotland Yard: Detective comedy drama. Poor.
Gidget: Teen comedy-drama. Fair.
Gigi: Musical. Excellent.

He Who Must Die: French drama. Good.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
House on Haunted Hill: Ghost story. Fair.

Ice-Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good.

Imitation of Life: Drama. Good.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.

I Want to Live! Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.

The Journey: Cold War drama. Good.
Lonelyhearts: Newspaper drama. Fair.

The Mating Game: Comedy. Good.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.

A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Excellent.

Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.

The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good.
The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker: "Naughty" comedy. Fair.

Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.

Separate Tables: Drama. Good.
The Shaggy Dog: Comic fantasy for children. Good.

The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.

Some Like It Hot: Comedy. Fair.
The Spy on Wilhelmstrasse: British espionage drama. Good.

The Square Peg: Spy comedy. Fair.
Tempest: Historical drama. Good.

These Thousand Hills: Western. Good.
Virgin Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.



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What it's like to have a famous (but forgotten) ancestor continued from page 24

"Toronto, one of the world's ugliest cities, might have been one of the most beautiful"

If suggestions he made in the nineteenth century had been carried out we would have had a St. Lawrence Seaway or comparable waterway many years ago; and Toronto, instead of being one of the world's ugliest cities, might have been

one of the most beautiful, with a sweeping vista of waterfront unmarred by tangled miles of smoggy railway yards. On his death in 1898, the *Toronto Globe* took two and a half columns to list his achievements.

The secretary at the Ontario Jockey Club recognized my name because my ancestor was the club's first president, and starter for the first Queen's Plate, now celebrating its centennial. But for all his accomplishments, Sir Casimir Stanis-

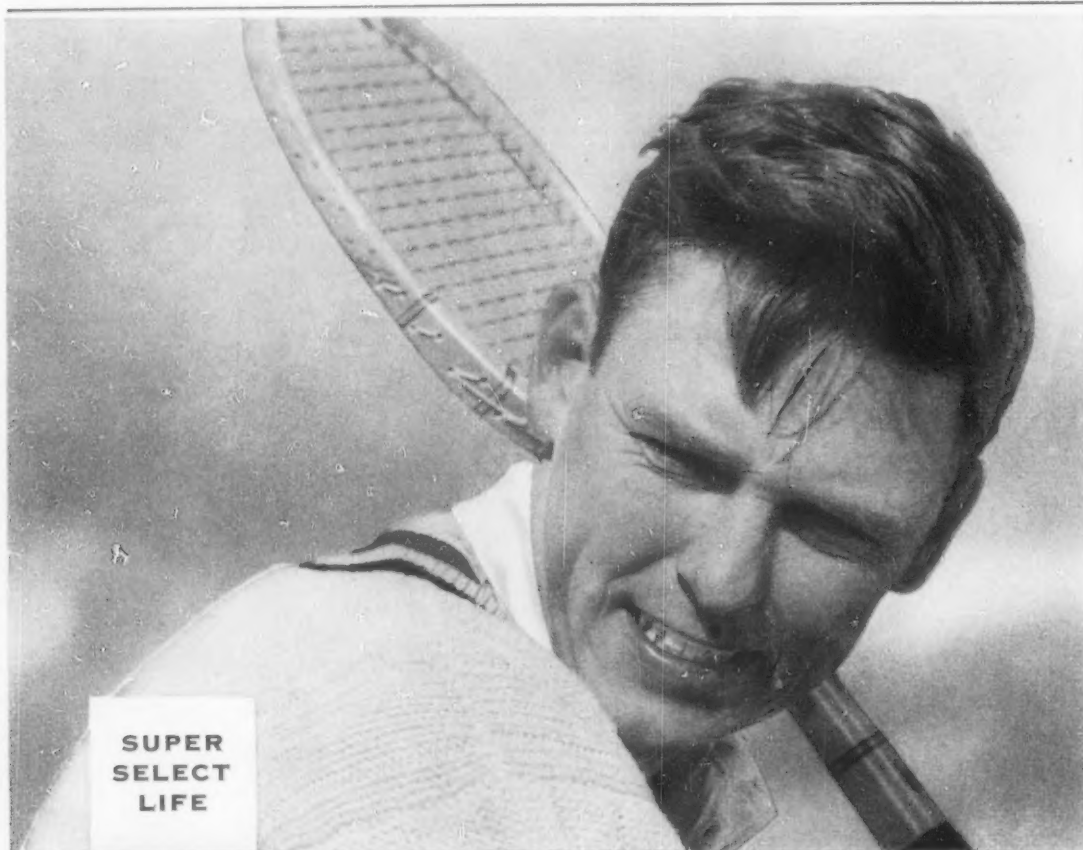
laus Gzowski is scarcely remembered even where he was once honored most highly. My wife once telephoned Toronto's parks department to inquire precisely why a small park in the west end had recently been named after Sir Casimir. "Oh, we honored a lot of foreigners last year," she was told. "Gzowski was some sort of musician." (During the same splurge of internationalism a park had been named after Jean Sibelius, who was of course a Finnish composer, and whom the parks-department clerk described to my wife as a Polish engineer.)

Only the Polish-Canadian community has tried to keep Sir Casimir's memory alive. The solitary book written about him to date is in Polish and in it he is described as the most distinguished representative of that nation ever to settle in Canada. But through the normal processes of assimilation his descendants have lost touch completely with things Polish. I, for example, am Sir Casimir's great-great-grandson and, proud as I am of my heritage, I am only one sixteenth Polish; and I have too much difficulty with passable restaurant French to start learning still another language.

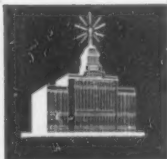
This lamentable ignorance of Polish on the part of most of Sir Casimir's descendants has resulted in some amusing moments. Between the wars, my grandfather, Lt.-Col. H. N. Gzowski; my grandmother, my great-aunt Mrs. Wanda Gzowski Lindsey, and a few other descendants were asked by Toronto's Polish community to take part in ceremonies at Toronto's Massey Hall, honoring Sir Casimir. Through speech after speech in a language they did not understand they sat on the platform, smiling benignly at the outbursts of applause and wondering whether they should change their name to Jones. Finally the program appeared to end, and the family whispered to each other about how to leave, while an orchestra burst into what the Gzowskis thought was a swelling recessional. Then Aunt Wanda turned around. They had chattered gaily through the first chorus and half a verse of the Polish national anthem while fifteen hundred pairs of Slavic eyes glowered at them unheeded.

But even Sir Casimir had become so Canadianized that shortly before his death he remembered little of his mother tongue. When the brilliant Polish pianist and later prime minister Ignace Paderewski visited Toronto in 1893, Sir Casimir attended the concert. Afterward, when Paderewski received him backstage by speaking to him in Polish, Sir Casimir wept. His Polish biographer, Dr. Victor Turek, of the University of Toronto, offers the theory that the tears were brought on not by the old man's embarrassment but because it had been so long since he had heard the language of his homeland.

That land was not always kind to him. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1813, first son of Count Stanislaw Gzowski of Janosa, Poland, then colonel of Czar Alexander I's Light Guard regiment, he seemed destined for a distinguished career. Like many young noblemen of his time, Casimir was enrolled at the Russian Military Engineering School at Krzemieniec and at seventeen was commissioned in the Imperial Russian Engineers. But for two years Poland had been ruled by the Grand Duke Constantine, despot brother of the czar. No red-



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blooded young Pole could be happy without having a whack at revolution.

Casimir joined the rag-tag Polish army which rose against Constantine. After a near victory, the Poles were trampled by Russian troops—including the Guards commanded by Casimir's father. The rebel was wounded, captured and imprisoned for eighteen months. In 1833 he was released and promptly became involved in another abortive revolt. He was captured again and taken to Trieste. From there, with two hundred and thirty-three other hot-headed young nationalists, he was marched onto an Austrian ship bound for North America.

When the boatload of disillusioned aristocrats arrived in New York, each was turned loose with five dollars in gold.

For young Casimir, the new world was both a new challenge and a new catastrophe. Though he spoke four languages easily—Polish, Russian, German and French—he had not a word of English, for even in those czarist days, English textbooks were banned from Russian schools. Where could he best learn the language of this strange land? A lawyer's office would be a good place, he decided. He applied and was accepted for apprenticeship with the firm of Parker L. Hall of Pittsfield, Mass., with whom Daniel Webster had once been associated.

To supplement the pittance he earned as a tyro lawyer Casimir taught fencing, riding, drawing and violin at a girls' school in Pittsfield. The dashing and titled instructor—he stood six feet two and had a fine mane of blond hair—cut quite a swath among the maidens of the school. As soon as he became a full-fledged lawyer Gzowski married a U.S. debutante, Maria Beebe of Erie, Pa. Maria was seventeen; Casimir twenty-six. He became a U.S. citizen the next year and, as a lawyer and engineer, was snapped up by an enterprising Pennsylvania contractor.

In 1842 Gzowski was sent to Kingston, then the capital of Upper Canada, to bid on a contract for improvements to the Welland Canal. Sir Charles Bagot, then governor-general, had previously been British ambassador to the Czar's court at St. Petersburg. For once, the unusual name stood a Gzowski in good stead. Casimir was summoned before Bagot.

"Are you related to Count Stanislaw Gzowski?" Bagot asked.

"He is my father."

"Ah," said Bagot, "then we must keep you in Canada."

Gzowski was offered the position of engineer of roads and waterways in the London, Ont., district. And the next month, he and his bride moved to Upper Canada.

For all the nepotism that got him his job, he was a capable—sometimes even daring—engineer. In 1890, in a speech as president of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, he told this story:

"I had to build a bridge across the River Thames near London on the road to Sarnia, to replace the temporary structure then in use. The new bridge was a single span of one hundred and sixty feet. When it was completely ready for traffic, and just before the removal of the temporary bridge, I was waited upon by several of the leading citizens of London, who inquired if I had absolute confidence in its stability to carry the heavy traffic that the improved condition of the road would bring upon it. They thought it too light and spidery.

"Fortunately, batteries of the Royal Artillery were then quartered in London. I asked the commanding officer to take them across the bridge to test its strength. 'Yes,' he replied, 'if you will agree to stand under it.' The batteries crossed the

bridge at a walk, then at a trot, without even disturbing the camber (arch). The citizens were convinced."

By 1846 he had risen to the top job in Upper Canada's public-works department, and was working on the first survey of what was to become Yonge Street. A writer of the time noticed "the young Polish engineer, hard at work," and concluded "no Canadian was to be found equal to the task." But in the same year, there was at least one who was, for Gzowski took out naturalization papers as a British subject.

Two years later he left the civil service and became chief engineer of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, one of the components of the Grand Trunk, later the CNR. For four years he lived in Sherbrooke, Que. In 1852, the newly formed firm of Gzowski and Co. gained a charter to build a railway from Toronto to Guelph, Ont., with an extension to Sarnia. Partners in the company were David Macpherson, Alexander Galt and Luther Holton. Both Galt and Holton later became finance ministers of Canada.

Early in 1854, Gzowski and Co. was

awarded a contract to build an esplanade for the city of Toronto. A wide sweep of landscaped grounds would have been laid out between the burgeoning city and its still-unsullied waterfront. But the next year, city council squabbled over costs and canceled the contract, and today the "esplanade" is the dirty pattern of railway yards and grimy factories that greets travelers arriving in Toronto and is a prime reason for the city's international reputation for ugliness.

In later years, Gzowski was chairman of a government commission of water-



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"Hey you! Did you declare that fur coat?"

ways that strongly recommended deepening of the St. Lawrence River and construction of a canal from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through the Isthmus of Chignecto — a canal the Maritimes are still convinced would alleviate many of their economic woes.

Probably his most outstanding engineering feat, though, was the building of the International Bridge, crossing the Niagara River from Fort Erie to Buffalo.

The biggest problem was the current, which ripped and swirled up to twelve miles an hour past the site. To counteract it, Gzowski designed massive wooden caissons, filled them with concrete, floated them into the current on rafts and sank them as bases for the towers.

His first giant footing met disaster. It was wrenched from its mooring when a two-thousand-foot raft of lumber from Tonawanda was snatched by the current and buffeted forward alongside its own tugboat. The slack cable neatly lassooed Gzowski's newly planted tower-footing, jerking it downstream. From then on Gzowski stationed three tugs upriver to guide timber rafts safely past his footings.

At the ceremonies marking the opening of the International Bridge in 1873, the president of the Grand Trunk Railway, which had commissioned the job, said, "There is no other man in the country who could have carried it out." During the construction Gzowski's crews hauled a great oaken log from the bottom of the Niagara River. Gzowski had it carted to Toronto and carved into furniture — including the cumbersome, ugly Victorian desk upon which my typewriter is perched as I write.

But there are more impressive monuments at Niagara. It was he who first suggested a system of parks around the falls. He was first chairman of the parks commission and largely responsible for putting his own suggestions into practice. His statue still stands in the doorway of the administration building at Niagara Falls, a few miles from his bridge which, with only some steel added to accommodate heavier traffic, remains much as he built it.

For all his achievements as an engineer, Gzowski never forgot his military training. In 1864, three years before Confederation, he organized a meeting of prominent Toronto citizens to protest withdrawal of Imperial troops from border areas. The possibility of a raid by Irish nationalists in the U.S. — the Fenians — worried him, and he drew up complex plans for fortifying the frontier.

A year later, Gzowski paid his own way to England, where he argued with the war office that the embryo dominion would be vulnerable to military attack. By June of '66, his fears were proved well founded: the Fenians attacked Fort Erie and the eastern townships of Quebec. They were repulsed by Canadian volunteers — and the British Imperials Gzowski had pleaded for.

Six years after the raids, Gzowski's military background and foresight were recognized; he was made lieutenant-colonel of the newly formed Royal Canadian Engineers and, at the suggestion of his friend John A. Macdonald, of the engineers' militia.

Macdonald and the Pole were close friends. The Canal Commission on which Gzowski served — and whose recommendations are still considered worth implementing — was taking too much of his time. He wanted to retire. Macdonald wrote him: "Please stay. I cannot talk confidentially to anyone on this Body but you."

At the crest of Macdonald's power, in 1872, Gzowski was named a trustee of a \$67,500 fund set up by Tory business leaders to look after the prime minister's well-being.

Perhaps it was only this close association that kept Gzowski from leaving his stamp on even more of Canada. Two days after Macdonald's fall, Alexander Mackenzie, the new prime minister, asked Gzowski to go to British Columbia for a conference on the CPR, upon whose completion confederation with the Pacific province rested. Gzowski, out of loyalty to Macdonald, declined.

He had many other interests. He was the first president of the Dominion of

Canada Rifle Association — and sharpshooters still vie for the Gzowski Cup, though few can pronounce its name. He organized the first Canadian rifle team to compete in Empire matches and, accompanying the competitors to Britain, he threw lavish parties at his own expense during the Wimbledon competition. Gzowski trophies are still the object of lusty intra-service competition in military drill among regiments of the Canadian Army. He was honorary president of the original Ontario Lawn Bowling Society and the spacious grounds of The Hall, his rambling Toronto home, were the scene of weekly bowling tournaments. He was president of the exclusive Toronto Club.

In 1879 he was made a full colonel—head of the Royal Canadian Engineers—and named colonial aide-de-camp to the queen. If Victoria had ever visited Canada her chief host and guide would have been the engineer with the unpronounceable name. She never did, of course, but the next year, serving dually as ADC and first president of the Ontario Jockey Club, Gzowski introduced the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise to Woodbine race track for the Queen's Plate.

(Though Gzowskis have carried on some of Sir Casimir's traditions—my grandfather became colonel of the RCE between the wars—I expect to watch this year's royal visit to the Queen's Plate from my usual position in the stratosphere of the public stands.)

In 1887, Gzowski was nominated for an Order of the Bath. He was turned down—the Bath is reserved for those of British blood. But three years later, for his "service to Canada," Queen Victoria made him Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The rest of his career is a parade of honor upon honor: two jubilee medals from the queen; a fellowship in the Royal Geographic Society; chairmanship of countless commissions. In 1896, the lieutenant-governor of Ontario, Sir George Kirkpatrick, became ill and Sir Casimir was appointed administrator. He was urged to assume the lieutenant-governorship permanently. He refused. He was too old.

In 1898, eighty-five years old, he died. Two years later, his opulent home at Toronto's Bathurst and Dundas Streets was sold to the city for \$65,000. Today it's a city park—Alexandra. A skating rink on his front lawn is open to neighborhood youngsters all winter. I, like most of the Gzowskis, live in a rented apartment, just big enough for my wife and me and a six-month-old named Peter Casimir. For in spite of all the difficulty he'll have over his name, I'd rather like our little guy to grow up in the shadow of that great towering figure with the scarlet tunic and the mutton-chop whiskers and the ornate hat topped by what looked to me, in the Notman photograph that hangs in my grandparents' living room, much like an upside-down badminton bird.

I hope he'll get as much fun as I do out of people who speak slowly to him so he'll understand English.

But I also hope some day people will learn to say Gzowski. It's pretty hard to be a snob when people stumble over your surname.

The only satisfactory solution I've heard was evolved by my father. He was playing bridge with some strangers when North looked shyly at him and smiled: "Just how do you pronounce your name?"

"Smeeth," my father bellowed, echoing the rage we've felt now for five generations. "S-M-I-T-H—Smeeth." ★

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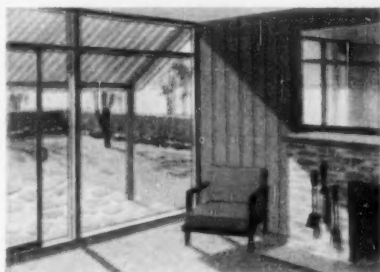
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Breakout at Amiens Prison continued from page 27

"Which would you choose," asked Ponchardier, "certain execution or a break for freedom?"

and P  p   went into hiding in Paris, when they learned of their comrade's fate—the torture chambers and condemned block of Amiens Prison.

As they began to search for some way of saving Beaurin, Ponchardier recog-

nized that the spectacular coup that would revive the spirit of France lay in the rescue not only of his friend but also of every Resistance leader in the prison.

Then politics cut through the close bonds of friendship. P  p   left Ponchardier

to take over the leadership of a Communist group operating in the same area. He succumbed to propaganda, and the few meetings between the friends were marked by growing antagonism. P  p   agreed reluctantly, however, to help with

the preliminary stages of Ponchardier's scheme—an impudent, fantastic scheme that was also well-nigh impossible.

On October 5, Ponchardier entertained a spy from England who told him about a new British fighter-bomber. "They call it Mosquito. They don't bomb the U-boat bases from thousands of feet any more. These Mosquitoes come in at nought feet and skip bombs right into the entrances of the U-boat pens."

Ponchardier looked up in surprise. "As precise as that?"

"Yes. They don't do it often. I suppose it takes quite a bit of training."

An idea was already crystallizing in Ponchardier's nimble mind. If these Mosquitoes could toss bombs into the small entrances to the U-boat pens, surely they could destroy the walls of Amiens prison.

Swiftly he outlined the venture as he saw it, and concluded:

"Next time you are in London, tell them what I have in mind. With the right information and timing, a quick raid should do the trick."

A week later, Ponchardier and P  p   moved into rooms in Amiens overlooking the prison. For several days they took photographs and watched the prison routine through binoculars.

The main buildings were shaped like a gigantic crucifix and surrounded by a courtyard. The outside wall was twenty-five feet high and three feet thick.

"First the wall must be breached," said Ponchardier. "Then the guardhouse must be destroyed to reduce opposition."

"We might well be pinned down at the wall," replied P  p  . "The cell blocks should be opened up too."

Ponchardier was not to be depressed. "Easy. Those Mosquitoes, why, they can skip bombs into the cell blocks just where we want them."

P  p   remained grim. "You don't have the proof of that yet. And what of our own people? Even if the bombs are placed precisely where planned, some are bound to be killed."

"It matters not," said Ponchardier soberly. "Beaurin and another three hundred are being tortured day and night while under sentence of death. Which would you choose—certain firing squads or a break for freedom?"

After this visit to Amiens, Ponchardier dismissed P  p   with a promise to send for him when the time came for the breakout. He could not have the Communist leader with him when he made his arrangements with London.

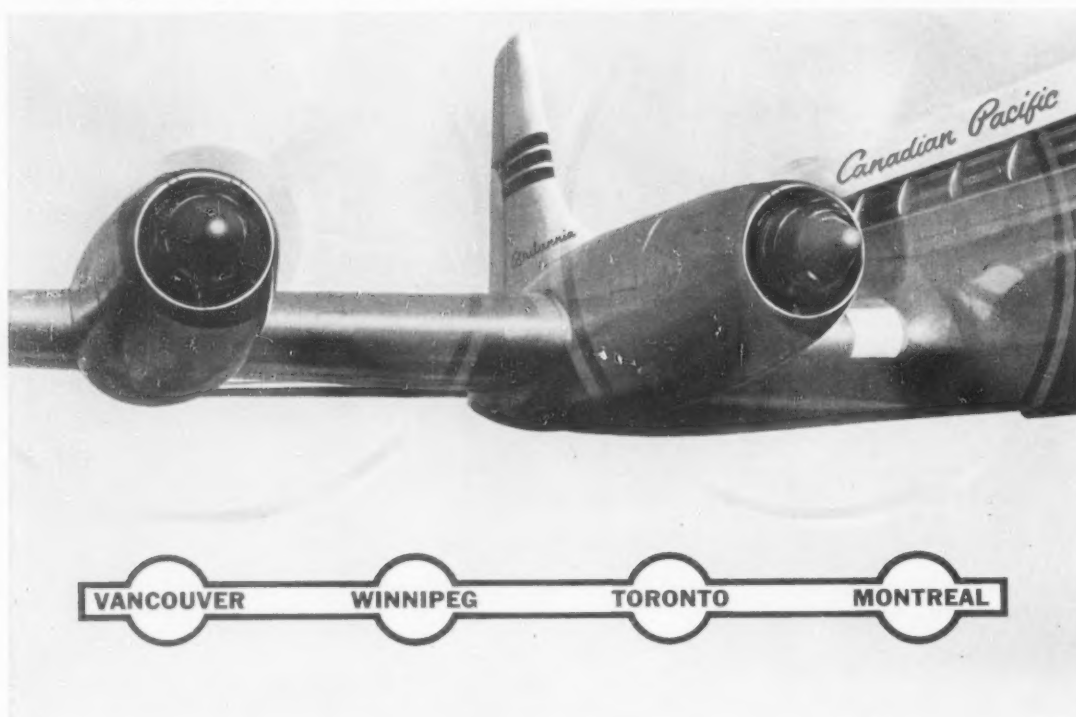
His whole group were taken off sabotage and espionage activities and concentrated on gathering the information London would need before even seriously considering Ponchardier's plan.

He drew detailed diagrams of the prison, gave the positions of all German anti-aircraft batteries for miles around Amiens, and established communication with Beaurin inside the prison.

All this took time, but by January 1944, he had compiled a dossier on the German prison guards which included their habits, hobbies, ages, duties and round-the-clock routines. His men completed a similar report on the Amiens garrison and then Ponchardier got hold of his best document. Through friends in the city council, he traced and acquired the actual blueprints of the prison itself.

This vast stock of knowledge was sent

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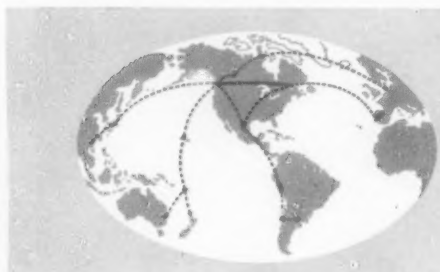
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to London by courier and, for the first time, British Military Intelligence placed the plan on a formal footing for urgent attention. Beaurin's time to die might come at any dawn.

But by the end of January, the most Ponchardier had extracted from London was a promise that if the RAF thought the raid feasible, something might be done. Then the Gestapo moved.

Pépé's chief lieutenant was arrested with eleven more of his group and taken to the prison. Within two days, they had all been shot. Another important member of Pépé's group was arrested in bed, and on the same night one of Ponchardier's men was hauled from a café into prison. Worse, Jean Beaurin's younger brother was arrested and held as a hostage.

Ponchardier viewed the situation with growing alarm and despair. There was still no definite news from London and his men were being arrested, deported to slave-labor camps, and often shot. Still Beaurin and the original three hundred condemned men somehow were spared from the firing squads and they waited tensely for the RAF. Beaurin organized his fellow prisoners into action groups with instructions on what to do once the raid began.

But there came no sign from London.

Meanwhile the RAF, without informing Ponchardier, had flown a series of photographic reconnaissance flights over the prison to check the information already provided. On February 5 a specially trained precision bombing squadron of Mosquitoes, commanded by Pat Pickard, volunteered to carry out the raid. Models of the prison were hastily built on the remote Scottish moors and the pilots made dummy runs until they could see where their bombs must land. A replica of the brick-and-cement outer wall was erected and attacked experimentally with bombs of various sizes.

Ponchardier became frantic when he learned that Beaurin, who had not broken under interrogation, was to be shot with fifty other Resistance leaders on February 20.

On the 12th, Pickard informed the London authorities that his squadron was ready to attempt the mission; and on the next day the scheme was formally approved. The official mind was made up by the capture near Amiens of two British spies who were thrown into the same prison. Like Beaurin, they were to be shot on the 20th.

Ponchardier had passed through despair to bitterness. Britain, the country he expected would aid and support the work he carried on at such great risk and cost, had let him down at the hour of crisis. Then, late in the evening of the 14th, he received a coded radio message saying: "In return for the exceptional services you and your countrymen have rendered the Allied cause, Royal Air Force Mosquitoes have been placed at your disposal and will attack in accordance with your plan at noon 15th."

Ponchardier's eyes blazed with joy—and consternation. It would be the 15th tomorrow and he had counted on at least several days' notice. He had lost contact with Pépé and it would be impossible to co-ordinate the dispersal plans.

Pickard had a good reason for giving so little warning of his intentions. The flood of betrayals in northern France made it possible that he might lead his squadron into a flock of Luftwaffe fighters perched above the prison.

Ponchardier's problem was to gather sufficient forces to hold the guards at bay while others piled anything up to a thousand escaped prisoners into trucks and drove them to safe hide-outs.

That night it snowed heavily. In the

morning Ponchardier and the few men he had been able to muster lurked near the prison, their three elderly trucks hidden nearby. If only Pépé could be found; he had twenty trucks in better condition. Inside the prison, Beaurin got word that the breakout was set for noon. He immediately organized a "shock force" to lead the rush against the guards.

With an hour to go, Ponchardier contacted one of Pépé's lieutenants. Pépé, he learned, was in Caen; and despite Ponchardier's pleadings, the Communist would not provide help until he could

get a confirmation from his chief.

Finally, Ponchardier exploded. "You are a shame on the name of France and the Resistance! I call you a coward!"

Stung to action, the Communist reversed himself and promised ten trucks if Ponchardier would vow that the planes really would come. Ponchardier gave his oath.

At noon more snow came, and that was all—no planes, no bombs.

While Ponchardier waited and looked up at the falling snow in Amiens, the blond giant Pickard gazed at the worsen-

ing visibility over the airfield in Kent and turned to the operations staff: "No good, can't do it today. Postpone Operation Jericho until the same time tomorrow."

Had the anxious Ponchardier known Pickard, he would also have known that this decision meant the weather was impossible for flying. Pickard had flown more than a hundred missions over enemy territory, commanded a squadron of exiled Czech pilots and recently specialized in secret-service missions, landing agents in occupied territory and bringing out men being hunted by the Gestapo.



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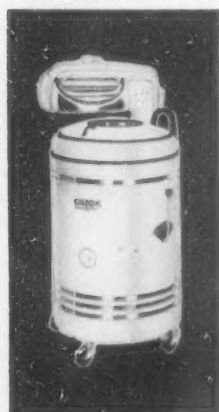
or on a hundred similar occasions, is the time to serve chilled Jordan Crackling Rosé, the pink, lightly effervescent table wine.



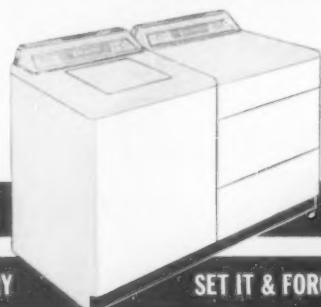
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By then he had earned the Distinguished Service Order three times, and by the end of the war four more high decorations were to be added.

That afternoon, the Mosquito crews were called to the briefing room for further examination of air photographs of the prison and the blueprints sent across by Ponchardier. Postponement of the operation meant no waste of time. The crews remained at immediate notice and Pickard saw to it that they studied details time and time again.

At dawn on the 16th, Ponchardier looked again at the weather. The snow had stopped, but rain and overcast clouds darkened the sky. Gloomily he set about organizing his men for the second time, but in his heart he knew there was little hope of the planes arriving. Inside the prison and out, men were reluctant to give up even the faintest hope, for the Gestapo changed their minds daily, and no one knew if they would wait until the 20th.

If the commandant woke up with a hangover or had been refused by his woman, there was always a firing squad.

At noon the same men, same faces, gazed at the heavy sky and listened for the sound of engines. Around them the city went about its business with familiar sounds of bustle and traffic. Above, the sky stayed silent.

It was noon in Kent when the squadron's reconnaissance aircraft landed and the pilot reported to Pickard: "Thick as fog over Amiens, sir. Couldn't see a bloody thing."

The squadron commander repeated his order to the control staff: "Postpone Jericho again. We'll have another shot tomorrow."

In the afternoon, the Air Group Commander, Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, drove down from London with new orders.

"You must go tomorrow, Pickard, whatever happens. This thing has become pretty urgent. SHAEF headquarters have taken an interest in it and are howling that if we let those poor devils down now, the Allies can expect damn little help during the invasion."

"I realize that, sir," replied Pickard. "Matter of fact, I've pretty well decided

to go tomorrow and to hell with the weather."

"Good. Now I'd like to have a look at the final plan and have a talk with the boys."

Pickard's plan was fairly simple but it required precision timing by each of the eighteen aircraft taking part. In the tests against dummy brick-and-mortar walls of the same dimensions as the real thing, it had been proved that only five-hundred-pound bombs would achieve the object—to avoid the risk of killing prisoners and yet make a large enough breach for a mass escape.

Pickard had split the squadron into three flights of six aircraft each. Flight A was to approach the outer wall at thirty feet, dip to fifteen feet at the moment of releasing their bombs to ensure that they would not bounce, and then skim over the twenty-five-foot wall.

Flight B was to open up the lower end of the cell block forming the stem of the crucifix. This meant flying in at no more than twenty feet and dropping the bombs in the courtyard so that they would skip against the building.

The burden laid upon the young pilots of this flight was the awful knowledge that the slightest overshoot would catapult bombs right through the cell block, killing hundreds of prisoners.

Flight C was to orbit in reserve, ready to take over should either of the other flights fail in their objectives.

Noon was zero hour for a very logical reason. That was the time the guards went to lunch and would be assembled in the barracks; it was also the time when a large number of escaping prisoners could mingle and vanish among the thousands of Amiens workers going out to lunch.

Before leaving the airfield, Sir Basil told the crews: "This is a most unusual mission, dedicated not to the destruction of life but to the saving of it. That should be of some comfort."

That night the Mosquito crews turned in early, already aware that nothing would prevent Pickard ordering Jericho the next morning. Pickard had chosen this code name for the operation from the Biblical account of the sound of trumpets bringing the walls of Jericho crashing down.

Continued on page 42

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker



● Assorted baker's breads make an appetizing platter by themselves and breed menu inspiration besides! Here's a successful accompaniment for simple things like soups and salads and cold cuts and cheese. And the faster that bread platter goes, the happier you can be! For delicious baker's bread, made with enriched flour, has the 3 important "B" vitamins, plus iron.



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● Goodbye to hurry-scurry in the kitchen . . . to ho-hum at the table! Let your baker make the menu—you choose from his fine things for dessert. Tonight it could be a sumptuous coffee ring, iced and garnished with candied fruits. Or date turnovers or butter horns. No end of surprises for the family—but an end of turmoil for you!



Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products

"As a bell tolled twelve, Beaurin heard the roar of the engines. 'Listen,' he shouted, 'they're here!'"

At dawn on the 18th, Ponchardier met the Communist deputy chief for the last time. "I beg you," he said desperately, "to let your men stand by with mine just this one last day. I cannot tell you why, but I have a feeling, a powerful feeling, that the planes will come today. I need your men and I need your trucks. What can I hope to accomplish with my three old trucks?"

"No. You promised me they would come three days ago. You have been promising the same thing every day. And what happens? Nothing. P  p   would not like to think I was risking his men and our valuable trucks for some pipedream of yours. No. That is the end."

He stalked away and Ponchardier shuffled off angrily to place his twenty-two men in position.

At 11.15 a.m. the weather reports and air reconnaissance confirmed that the overcast might break in the Amiens area by noon. It was not decisive information as Pickard had already made up his mind to fly. However, it gave the operation a greater chance of success and, feeling more confident, Pickard gave the order: "Scramble!" Five minutes later, they streaked off the ground, form-

ed up behind Pickard, and headed for France at three hundred feet.

Over the Channel they broke through the dirty mist into fine, sunny weather, unexpected by the weathermen, and saw for the first time, high above them, their fighter escort of Typhoons. Pickard dipped down to twenty feet while crossing the water to avoid enemy radar. He took them up again over the French coast and soon they were hedge-hopping inland, passing Amiens on their right to divert attention from their real target.

At 11.50, Pickard waggled his wings, banked steeply, and the three flights turned north again, this time on the approach to the prison. Five miles away, they swerved to the main Amiens-Paris road—a wide, dead-straight pointer to the prison, which lay off it to one side. Then it was in sight, precisely as they had been shown on the dummy models.

The leader of Flight A dipped to fifteen feet, below the level of the wall, skipped his bomb and skimmed over the top. The bomb smashed home against the wall, blowing a gap fifteen feet across. Flight A had accomplished its role with one accurate bomb.

Flight B followed in blind through the smoke and dust haze, saw the lower end of the cell block snap into view, and bounced their bombs, fanning upward at the same time to clear the roof. Pickard followed another aircraft in toward the guard barracks, saw it score a direct hit, and whipped out of the way, his aircraft bucking in the blast waves. Two other Mosquitoes of Flight B came in sideways at the block and knocked a gaping hole in the cross of the crucifix as an alternative escape hatch.

Pickard circled above the prison and shouted excitedly into his radio-telephone: "Daddy calling, Daddy calling. Red, red, red." Immediately, Flight C knew they were not needed and wheeled away to off-load their bombs on the railway marshalling yards.

From high above, a cluster of Luftwaffe fighters seeking trouble dived furiously on the escorting Typhoons, breaking formation as a vast canopy of dog-fights spread over Amiens. One group spiralled on downward at the unsuspecting Mosquitoes.

The elated Pickard, veteran that he was, looked down at the prison when he should have been watching over his shoulders. Two Focke-Wulf 190s closed on his tail with cannons flaming. The trapped Mosquito toppled on one side and fell burning to the ground outside the prison gates.

A few minutes before noon, Jean Beaurin stood at the death-cell window searching the sky. Three more condemned men sat at his feet, stoically resigned to the twilight of their lives.

Beaurin did not really believe the aircraft would come, but he refused to accept defeat wholly, in the way that all men who are about to die cling desperately to shadows of hope.

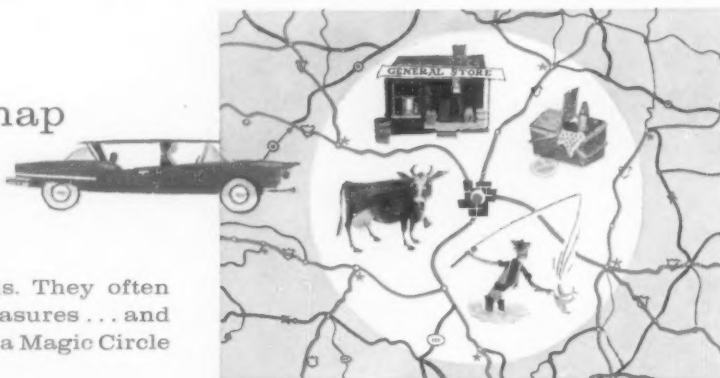
A bell tolled twelve times and, as the deep tones of the last chime died, a roar of aircraft engines filled the sky.

"Listen—they are here," he shouted.

Almost immediately, the four men were thrown to the floor by a violent explosion. Bricks ricocheted like bullets, wounding Beaurin in the head and the left arm. The cell door leaned back drunkenly. The four men attacked it with their feet, kicking frantically in their efforts to escape. Beaurin broke a toe without knowing it before the door col-

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lapsed and another bomb hurled them to the floor again.

Then they were out.

They joined streams of prisoners breaking down other doors and crowding at the lower end, where a huge hole opened up the first gate to freedom. By the time Beaurin took charge, more than four hundred prisoners were massed for the breakout.

One bomb had crashed through the wall of the women's block and lay there with the eleven-second fuse ticking quietly. Women raced away from it in all directions, screaming with fear. It exploded, blew a hole in the wall and set fire to the block. Smoke, dust and cordite hung like a pall over the prison, the piteous cries of the dying mingling with the chatter of automatic weapons.

Ponchardier and his twenty-two men were pinning down the survivors from the German guardhouse. Beaurin gave a signal and the yelling mass poured into the courtyard, swamped Ponchardier's party and streamed through the outer wall into the streets of Amiens.

Fifteen minutes after noon, Operation Jericho finished for the RAF. Harried by the Luftwaffe, the Mosquitoes split up and headed back to England. On the ground, Ponchardier surveyed the prison, surrounded by a penetrating silence.

The last prisoner had gone, the last German guard had died. Only the dust and the wounded remained. Hundreds of escapees had vanished into the labyrinth of back streets, where doors opened and willing hands pulled them into hiding, to provide food and fit them out with civilian clothes.

Within hours, all France would rejoice. Meanwhile the ordinary people of Amiens threw off fear and set about dispersing the prisoners, the job that Ponchardier had been about to attempt with his twenty-two men. Instead of a hundred helpers from P  p  , he suddenly found thousands from the city itself.

Ponchardier organized a rescue line for the wounded. Although the city garrison would descend on the prison at any moment, his men uncovered the buried, escorted them to safety and brought up two of the old trucks—the third refused to start.

By 12.30 p.m. his work was finished. He loaded fifty prisoners into the trucks and ran for the seclusion of the countryside.

Within an hour, the German army and Gestapo launched one of the most ruthless manhunts in history. Hundreds of people were shot on mere suspicion; more were herded into a temporary camp for interrogation and eventual death. But Jean Beaurin escaped with two hundred and seventy of the three hundred doomed Resistance leaders. Another hundred and eighty prisoners who had taken advantage of the raid were caught and sent to Fresnes Prison in Paris.

Among those to elude the Gestapo safely were the two British spies whose capture had prompted the RAF's decision to act.

Ponchardier was content; Beaurin was free, even P  p   was excited and claimed participation on behalf of his group. Most of all, France was reborn. In the days and weeks that followed, hundreds of young men and women flocked to the underground headquarters of a dozen Resistance groups to offer their services.

And for the first time, SHAEF in London could write into the invasion plans the active co-operation of the Maquis, as the co-ordinated Resistance soon became known.

All this achieved—and at what a price. Pickard died in his plane; another

aircraft was shot down on its way home; Beaurin's brother and mother, who were being held as hostages, died in the last explosion; and eighty-seven French prisoners were killed by the five-hundred-pound bombs.

Tragedy and triumph, the inseparable twins of war, so often depend on little things. And it was a small unknown quantity that played an altogether out-of-proportion part in the raid.

Ponchardier's reports, even the blueprints of the prison, gave the construction as brick and cement. In fact, there

was no cement, only crumbling mortar. Two-hundred-pound bombs would have done the job just as well and reduced the death toll.

No one could have known this. And three had escaped for every one who died.

Ponchardier is a novelist living in Paris today. Also in Paris are a mechanic called P  p   and a hardware dealer known as Jean Beaurin. They meet and they talk without rancor. Politics has long since vanished from their friendship, and now they are bound by the lives and

deaths of those whose destinies they once controlled.

Mention of cement and mortar can still produce a silence between them, yet they are agreed that the trumpets had to sound on February 18th, 1944.

Marking the crashing of the walls for posterity is a grave and monument carved into the rebuilt prison.

It is the grave of Pat Pickard, the pilot who answered their call for help. He is not forgotten by Frenchmen who once a year make a pilgrimage to lay flowers on what they call the shrine of Amiens. ★

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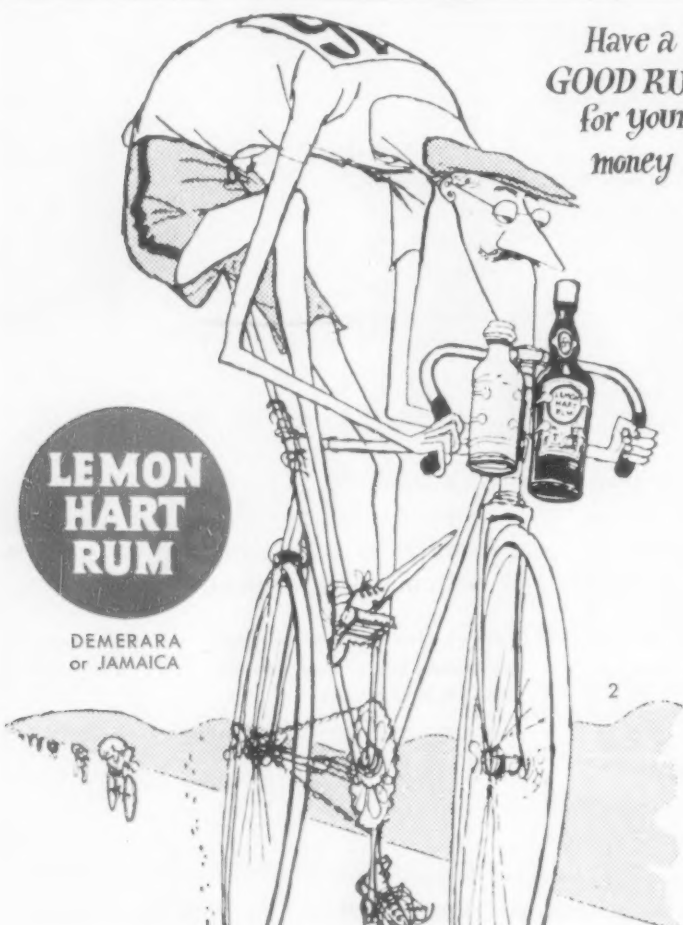
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Self-hypnosis continued from page 23

Here's a test you can try to see what influence your mind can exert on the actions of your body

induce his own hypnotic trance when
needed. Thus Schultz reasoned. Thus it
came about.

It came about through that strange
and unexplained human facet, the im-
agination. Under direction of a trained
psychiatrist or psychologist, and follow-
ing a very carefully planned sequence,
the patient is taught to imagine himself
into a trance.

Stranger than anything is the fact that
imagination actually makes these physio-
logical symptoms occur. The temperature
of the arms, legs and stomach really does
rise and this change can be measured.
The forehead temperature actually drops
a shade and the pulse slows down at
the command of imagination, though we
have long considered the heart an in-
voluntary muscle.

The "exercise" as it is taught is rela-
tively simple if the trainee has some
ability to concentrate, and even more
simple if his or her imagination is a lively
one.

Step one, most important, is to find
and cling to a picture of quietness—a
clear mental image. The patient con-
ceives his own. It may be based on fact
or recollection, sometimes out of child-
hood, often from memories of a summer
vacation. It should be a mental picture
of warmth, ease, relaxation. It can be
peopled by friends if they are the types
who add to this sense of relaxation. But
it should be passive, not active. It should
create the sensation best described by a
patient: "There is nothing bothering me,
nothing I have to do; this time is abso-
lutely my own. There are no demands on
me. It doesn't matter if I just lie here and
quit thinking about everything."

You can see already the oriental con-
notation of *not being*, the touch of yoga
with its suspension of life activity. There
is a similarity here; perhaps Schultz has
westernized this useful sedative factor
of Eastern philosophy for us.

This picture becomes the prized prop-
erty of the trainee. At first he used it as
a preamble to the other steps in the
imaginative process of self-hypnosis, a
conditioner to set the pace. As he con-
tinues training, the picture becomes a
symbol of the hypnotic state itself and
sometimes is alone enough to produce a
light trance condition.

When this picture is firm in the
trainee's mind, when it has the mood of
ease and relaxation that rejects the har-
assments of the world, he goes on with
the next steps. In brief he creates a series
of mental pictures: "My arms are heavy
and warm. My legs are heavy and warm.
A strong warm sun beats down on them.
A cool breeze blows over my forehead
... and so on. The body obediently
becomes heavy and warm, the breathing
deepens, the pulse slows. Physical relaxa-
tion sets in. The condition so achieved is
not unlike that produced in a hospital
when an agitated patient is dunked into
a warm bath with cool applications to
the forehead. To the skeptic it sounds un-
believable.

But if you need convincing, here is
one test you can try. It won't hypnotize
you but it should indicate the seemingly

mysterious degree of force the mind
can actually have over the physical
actions of the body:

Stand erect with your back to a solid
wall, your heels about six inches out
from the wall. (You will have the security
of knowing the wall is behind you.) Now
concentrate your gaze on some bright
object directly in front of you. Get some-
one to hold a ring or a small light steady
—anything that will keep the eyes from
wandering and the attention with them.
As you stare at the "fix point" just keep
thinking over and over "I'm falling back-
ward, I'm falling backward. In spite of
anything I can do, I'm falling backward.
The wall is there and I'm safe. I'm fall-
ing backward."

Unless you are one of the rare ones
who appear to be untouchable by hyp-
nosis, you will fall. At the very least,
you will find yourself rocking a bit as
your defensive self (that contrary side of
your personality that wants to prove me
a liar) fights the tendency to fall. Your
imagination will have destroyed your
physical equilibrium.

But enough of these parlor games. The
scores of cases that have been trained
in my office, the hundreds more trained
by other doctors and psychologists I
know, have authenticated this useful
medical tool.

The post-hypnotic "cure"

Now, back to the young, heavy drinker
in my office. How did auto-hypnosis
actually help?

First, he happened to be an excellent
subject or student. He had good average
intelligence, a bright imagination, fair
powers of concentration, and a deter-
mination (motivation would be a more
exact technical word) that kept him on
the job.

He trained in ten weeks, well under
par for the course. Most trainees take
five or six months. Some longer. Con-
stant practice at every opportunity seems
to have much to do with success as it
does in most skills.

Once trained to entrance himself, he
was ready for the real work.

Post-hypnotic suggestion is the "cure."

In any routine hypnotic trance, the
subject will, if told to do so, accept cer-
tain instructions and ideas (not all) from
the "operator" or hypnotist, hold these
dormant in his mind and put them into
effect only when he awakens. The auto-
hypnotized patient does exactly the same
to himself.

Naturally, he gets a little help from
the doctor during training. While teach-
ing auto-hypnosis, the medical man will
also use straight hypnosis to get the need-
ed ideas into the patient's mind for him,
until he can do the job himself. The doc-
tor will hypnotize the patient off liquor
until such time as he can handle the in-
struction work himself. He will also, if
he wants to help the trainee succeed,
throw in a suggestion or two about keep-
ing up the practice at home between
visits. It doesn't hurt to nudge people,
especially if they show signs of giving
up easily.

Young Mr. Executive practiced dutifully at least twice a day, often five or six times. In a couple of months he was on his own, giving his own directions. "I hate liquor. Dislike the taste, even the appearance of the bottle." This latter to counteract the lure of cool, refreshing photographs in ads. With my agreement, he invented some instructions of his own. "I enjoy not drinking. I like being with my friends in the club. But I prefer to avoid alcohol in any form."

Before coming to see me, he had thought long and seriously about quitting drink. One thing that had discouraged him had been the long faces of others he had seen give up drink. "They look like lost souls," he said. "No fun. No spark. Just seem to drag themselves around with a tragic righteousness."

Edmund Wilson, years ago, had described such a tragic figure, the fellow at the cocktail gathering "who said he was on the wagon and was afraid he wouldn't enjoy the party."

My patient's idea of avoiding this was to suggest that sobriety would be fun. He was right—and successful. I have watched him at cocktail parties since. He has more fun than most guests, is anything but noticeably teetotaling. "What's more," he reports with a grin, "the next day I remember it all."

It is a fact, as any hypno-therapist quickly and happily admits, the one thing that responds effectively and quickly to hypno-suggestion is that vacillating and sometimes terrible demon, the human mood. "You will feel bright, cheerful and confident," he says. The patient comes up smiling. "I will feel happy and relaxed without liquor," says the trainee. He does.

This is a good point to say again that the training takes effort. Autogenous training is no new miracle solution that will wipe out alcoholism. Hypnosis can be applied pretty generally but auto-hypnosis has to be learned, and while successful trainees look on their results as miraculous, there is no doubt it calls for wholehearted application—backed, of course, by the strong desire to be out of the clutches of drink. The wish to be saved is needed in most alcohol "cures."

And because this wish is a transient thing, here today and gone tomorrow, present with the hangover and gone again when health returns, the hypno-therapist will usually make use of direct hypnosis during the training period in somewhat the same way a medical man might use drugs such as antabuse. "You just cannot drink. The smell of liquor in any form makes you violently ill." If the patient's resolution is so weak that he cannot hold out between training sessions, the combination of alcohol and this post-hypnotic suggestion will usually be drastic enough to bring him back on the rails. When the medico-hypnotist says "violently" ill, the effect can be just that.

Suggestions for the most part are positive in their phrasing, whether administered by the doctor or by the fully trained auto-hypnotist himself: "You hate liquor," rather than "You do not like liquor." "I am happy when drinking pop at the bar" rather than "I don't mind not drinking with my friends." The affirmative message seems to register more readily and more deeply on the entranced mind.

At the outset, I made it clear that auto-hypnosis was not wholly the cure in this or in any other case. It is principally the key to the treatment. Uncontrolled drinking is often based on some hidden difficulties that have got a grip on the drinker's mind, perhaps simply the welter of problems that need solving in the average day of a busy person's life. As

long as the sufferer is using drink to kill off the torments, to produce a form of anesthesia, he is not facing these problems, not even finding out exactly what they are. In this direction, the psychiatrist or psychologist can be of real help, but only if he can get the patient to keep away from alcohol, stay lucid enough to discuss problems and to practice facing them. Strength for this is available to many through hypnosis and auto-hypnosis.

Just how many can be helped it is hard to say. Chances that a person can

be hypnotized are about four out of five. But those given to alcohol are likely distressed, inattentive, less able to concentrate. Of those that do, and learn to use autogenous training, how many will keep it up long enough—through the years—to get themselves completely out of the hole?

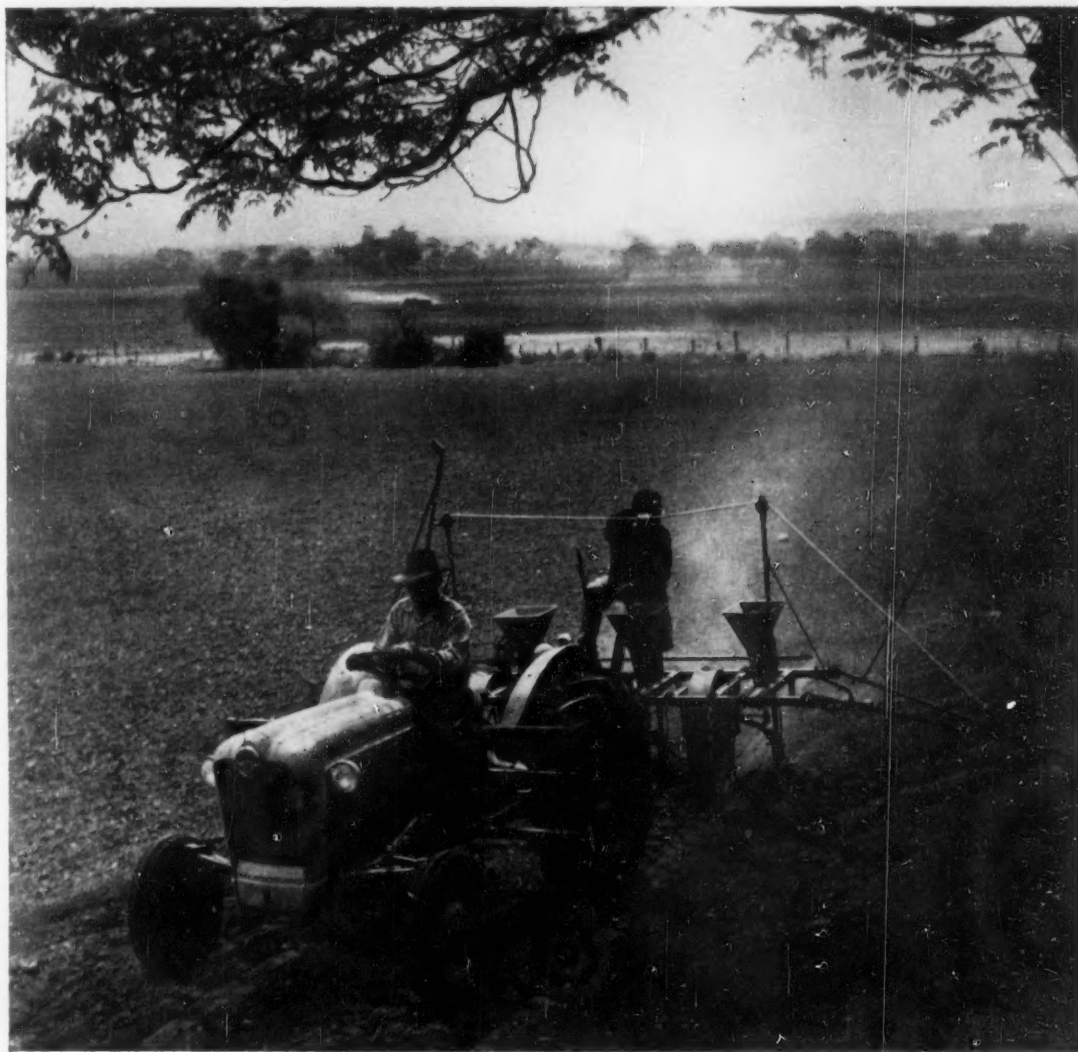
There are no statistics. Too few patients report back with the details of their success. The failures often reappear. And in their case, a second try sometimes does the trick.

Whatever the score, it is reasonable to

suppose it would be considerably better if hypnosis itself enjoyed a better public understanding. As it is, the auto-hypnosis student frequently has to make an effort to hide what he is doing from family and friends so they won't think he has really gone over the edge. An open and frank look at hypnosis, and, through that, a frank appraisal of auto-hypnosis, would help make this useful weapon the servant of many more who now need it.

The dangers of hypnosis? This is a natural question.

They are so few, and unproven, as to



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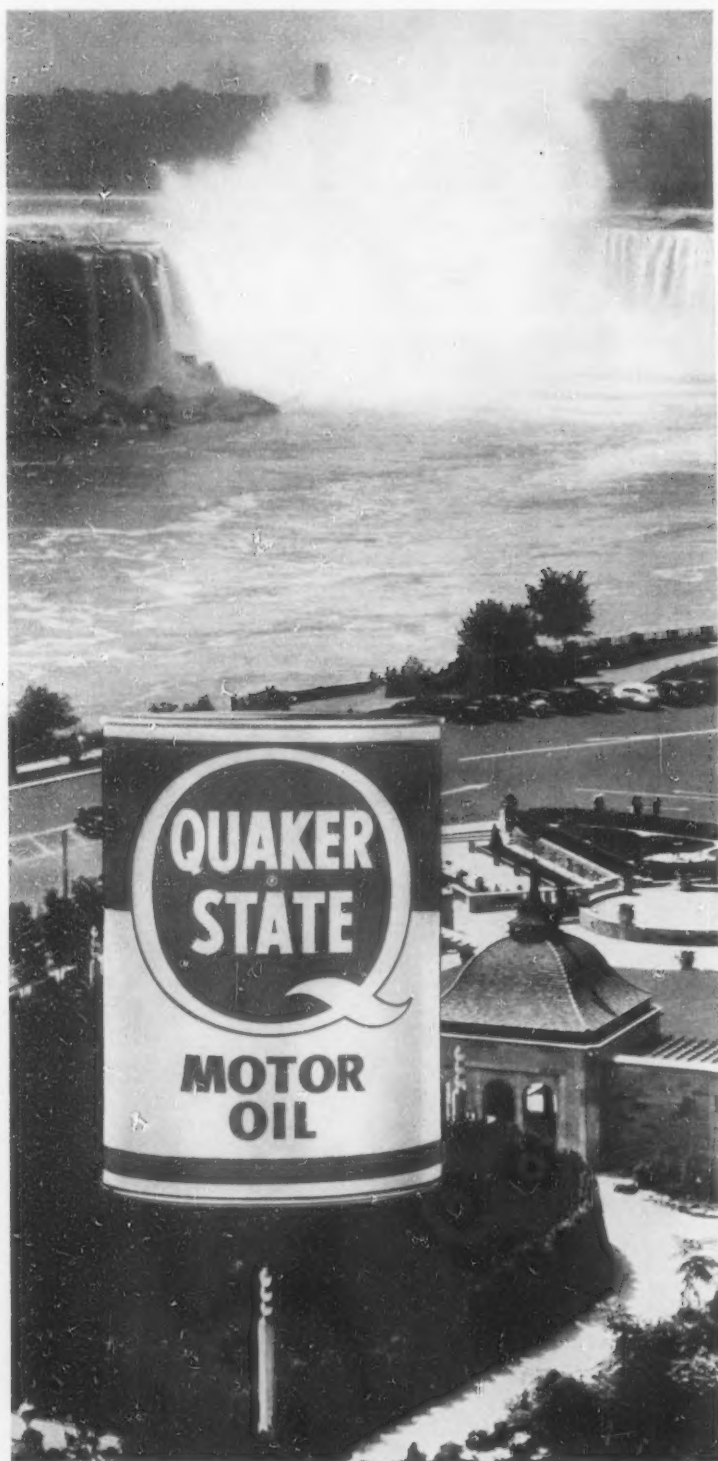
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be negligible—at least in the hands of an experienced medical man. In the case of most patients (all consciously or unconsciously express *some* fear) a few direct answers will set the mind at ease. The more inquiring need to be directed to some of the excellent, readable and explanatory books on the subject.

The greatest worry seems to be a simple question. "What if I don't wake up?"

The answer is that you will just drift over into a normal sleep. In fact, auto-hypnosis might well prove to be the most effective non-drug answer to the twentieth-century's big insomnia problem.

This brings up what is perhaps the most important factor about auto-hypnosis: its myriad of uses. I have already mentioned some—fatties who know they should go on a diet of some sort but just can't bring themselves to face the "suffering." Autogenous training offers them something they really lack, a sense of power, of control, of prestige. This feeling that they have power over themselves, power over their nagging though "human" desires about food, will give them the needed motivation. For once the whole nasty business of dieting will seem possible, realistic.

Others with compulsions of different sorts, heavy smokers, nail-biters, aggressive or quarrelsome people who are nasty to live with though they don't really want to be—these are types that respond to the Schultz method, to the calmness that leads to reason and suggestion.

"Contagious" tension

One young man I know was so tense, so electrically tense, that he transmitted his affliction to others. Job after job went down the drain though his employers always praised his talents and earnestness. Until he got a grip on himself through auto-hypnosis, his admirable intellect and great reservoirs of personal energy were exploding all over the place all the time. He was pushful and jittery under the most innocent circumstances. Today, his intellect and energy intact, and properly directed, his body and nerves rested regularly, he runs his department with flair and achievement.

I found it useful in easing a woman's dreadful asthma attacks—attacks that had obvious neurotic roots. It has worked in helping to relieve another woman's suffering from eczema; a ballet dancer whose sense of perfection bred its own tension, her outbreaks of this distressing skin eruption so tortured and infected her underarms and legs she had to stop dancing. "My skin will be whole and healthy," she told herself.

Another woman came to me with a blood pressure reading of 230 over 110. It took four months of treatment to get her launched in autogenous training but the result was worthwhile. Her pressure, without drugs, came down to a consistent 175 over 95. She used no special suggestions about "blood pressure." She merely concentrated on feeling relaxed and peaceful.

Women, generally speaking, do not appear to be as easy to instruct as men, though for some reason pregnant women seem to grasp the idea fairly quickly. The big requirement is motivation, a need or desire to achieve some objective—to lower one's weight, to stop drinking, to get blood pressure under control. Nervous wrecks who are worrying needlessly can help ease themselves out of their mental rat race. People who are lazy but wish they weren't can develop energy (more accurately, they can summon it or release it). Decisions can be made easy for those frightened people

who never before could make up their minds.

One "prize student," as we like to refer to him, uses his training to replace the freezing offered by the dentist, for hypnosis and even auto-hypnosis can exert a control over pain registration. It does not actually "stop" pain. It simply controls the dreadful sensation that pain brings to the human mind.

With this knowledge he simply practiced until he could render his jaw and mouth quickly insensitive to pain. A few Canadian dentists use hypnosis instead of the needle these days. This patient decided to bring his own. His dentist happened to be a particularly gentle fellow who couldn't stand hurting people. He froze everyone for anything. The dentist was the frightened one when the patient first tried this experiment. Today he is still a little incredulous but accepts it. This particular patient just doesn't get a needle, and doesn't twitch, though admittedly he has not yet been through an extraction.

One of the most unusual cases in my experience was the harassed businessman who got into a panic each year at income-tax time—a more-than-normal panic, that is. It wasn't particularly that he feared anything. As far as I could see he was completely honest. He simply hated paying income tax and the calculating of how much he had already paid, or owed, sent him into a depression each year. He would be the last citizen to mail in his report on April 30, working late into the night to get it done.

He had been using autogenous training for other purposes when it occurred to him it might be applied to this trouble. The department of national revenue will be delighted to learn that he takes one or two good "Schultzes" early in March these days, and gets things tidied up with a minimum of distaste and on time.

Auto-hypnosis has been tried on ball players, hockey stars, actors and actresses, according to newspaper reports. The results known are not particularly startling and my impression is that the training effort was usually done in the presence of a press agent and not continued for longer than the time required to take publicity photos. But I have watched a copy writer in an advertising agency, worried because he had run dry in his work, talk himself into the belief *and the fact* that his mind would be full of ideas. Once he broke the block created by his own tension, his confidence returned. He resumed his work energetically.

An artist I know has tried hypnotizing himself before he launches into a session of tense emotional work before his canvas. It was successful, he reported, but he felt a little guilty about it. "Art is supposed to be suffering," he sighed. "Doing it this way seems too easy."

It reads like a list of miracles. And to those who have benefited from auto-hypnosis there is an air of the miraculous about it. But none of it is that easy. It is not like taking a pill. It requires resolution and hard work. Thankfully the returns can be magnificent.

One more word about my non-drinking executive: it was, of course, not simply the abstinence that made it all worth his while. What auto-hypnosis had done for him in that field showed clearly the opportunities for other gains. He used his new-found power over his own mind to sharpen his wits and attack other habits and weaknesses that were sapping his efficiency. He, and others like him, have gone on to make new and fuller lives for themselves, thanks—in part—to this old-new development in the study of the mind. ★

How it feels to hypnotize yourself

Continued from page 23

not exactly like being asleep. It is actually more agreeable because I am *aware* of the feeling. It is so peaceful and restful that I sometimes feel a temptation to stay "out" longer than is necessary. If I have the time to spare I take advantage of this extra rest. It is wonderful to feel tense arms, legs and muscles sagging off into a tingling heaviness. You can "feel" yourself soaking up renewed strength and energy.

Sometimes if it is late in the day or I happen to be really physically tired I will drift off from a trance into a normal sleep. A funny thing I have noticed is that when this happens I often waken (perhaps the telephone rings) and find myself *still in the trance*. I then usually complete the exercise, go over my suggestions, and then wake myself up fully.

As I practiced Schultzing I naturally got better at it so I started shortening the process. Now I can frequently, if not always, induce a light trance in a matter of seconds. I simply count backward from five. At zero I am in a light trance which is enough to give myself some quick suggestion or to calm some passing worry.

If I want thorough relaxation or want to deal with some complex suggestion, I simply go deeper into the trance state.

I use this method, counting backward from five, going to sleep at night. Rarely does it take me longer than these few seconds to fall into a deep sleep. Half a dozen cups of coffee will affect me, naturally, or some very exciting or intense activity that leaves my mind still running around in circles at bedtime. In these cases (about seven or eight in the last five years) I sometimes toss and turn for as much as a minute or even two before I get myself concentrating on the Schultz pattern.

The things I can do with this training continue to amaze me. I can literally wipe out the little depressions and frustrations that come in the course of a day's work. They return, of course, as long as the problems are not solved. But in the meantime I have had some rest from them and I find they don't pile up on each other and become unmanageable.

I can talk myself into doing unpalatable jobs and chores that I really know have to be done. I simply tell myself that I'll be unable to resist the urge to get them done and that I'll actually enjoy doing them. It works.

It took me quite a long time to get the hang of this system and I had to work hard over the years to keep practicing and developing it but I cannot think of any lesson I've ever learned that has paid off so handsomely. If there are medals for this kind of human benefaction I think Dr. Schultz and his followers deserve a few.—S. L.

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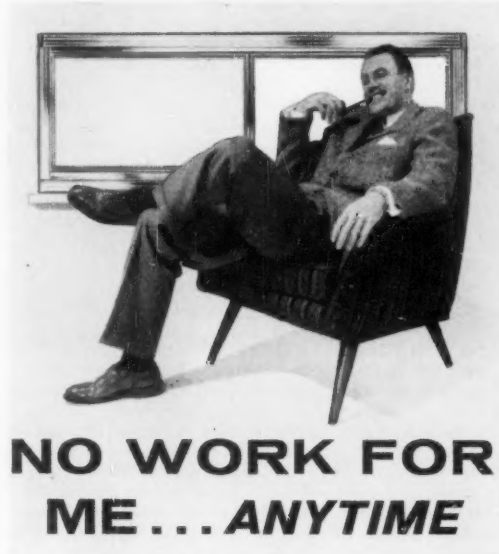
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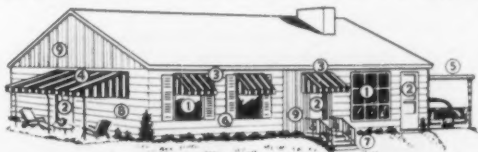
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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"A few members of royalty even seem to enjoy being encased in their cocoons of protocol"

the shroud of mystery and false glamour that court advisors keep Her Majesty and her family enveloped in, nor with the surreptitious and ceaselessly promoted implication of near-deity attached to the crown. What the royal court seems to be trying to foist on us is a form of dumb idolatrousness regarding royalty that is as outmoded to my mind as the divine rights of kings.

That such goings-on have been accepted is no reason why Canadians should welcome or adhere to these anachronisms that have no communion with twentieth-century thought.

I think it's time Canadians started treating royal visitors as mortal beings. I think royalty should be welcome here and free to come and go without the year or two of advance preparation that court officialdom and protocol experts on both sides of the ocean now take to arrange schedules, to whip up enthusiasm, and to make dry runs. I think the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars, the assortment of servants — even to footmen — who accompany traveling royalty; the tinsel, mystery and phoniness should be eliminated if the first family of the Commonwealth genuinely wish to acquaint themselves with Canadians. I think royalty would find its visits more refreshing, too, if they conversed with a few of our intellectuals, rather than only the politicians. For royal conversations here have been practically restricted to mayors, provincial premiers, lieutenant-governors, the prime minister, and their wives.

I think a great body of Canadians feel the same way. To phrase it bluntly, they want a royalty far removed from voodooism. Unhappily, their reflections and attitudes seldom see print. But comments heard among Canadian crowds viewing the spectacle of traveling royalty have been the most enlightening phase of my royal-tour reporting. Any of these impersonal observations—even of slightly controversial nature—were deleted from copy. This was the case with most journalists reporting tours.

Another belief that should be junked: Canadians want glamour, excitement and mystery from royalty to relieve the tedi-

um of their dull little lives. I say this is propaganda from an extinct era.

Judging from the way royal appearances are still being managed, the court doesn't agree. Cocoons encasing royal persons seem to be growing more rigid. A few members of the royal family, I suspect, even enjoy this.

I can't help but be suspicious of Philip's antagonism to the press (and he is antagonistic) since it could be so easily resolved if the press could query him in occasional conferences. And why in heaven's name shouldn't the press have access to Prince Philip in organized press conferences? He is given opportunities far beyond anybody in the Commonwealth for travel and learning and yet we are never allowed to hear anything from him but the most banal remarks.

When he arrived in Ottawa on his cross-Canada visit in 1954, I watched him deplane, walk along the red carpet to a welcoming officialdom and, as he did so, turn his head away from photographers grouped at one side behind a roped-off enclosure. I thought his action was accidental. But for days he managed through deliberate machinations to keep his countenance partially obstructed so that few cameramen were able to snap even passable pictures. If Philip had been a private person paying for his own trip, he would have had this right. But he was on a semi-official visit. The photographers' grievance was finally taken up with a member of the royal entourage. After that the Prince was a bit more amenable.

But not greatly so. When I covered the Prince's leave-taking a few weeks later at Quebec City, following the tour that had taken him into the Northwest Territories, the newsmen were boiling. Even in the Arctic wastes, Philip showed a magnificent disdain for writer and photographer alike, not ever bothering to smile, let alone pass the time of day with any of the newsmen assigned to report his doings. In columns about the trip few words of criticism seeped into Canadian-tour reports. To Mr. and Mrs. Canada the account read as though Philip was Prince Charming and Lord Bountiful rolled into one.

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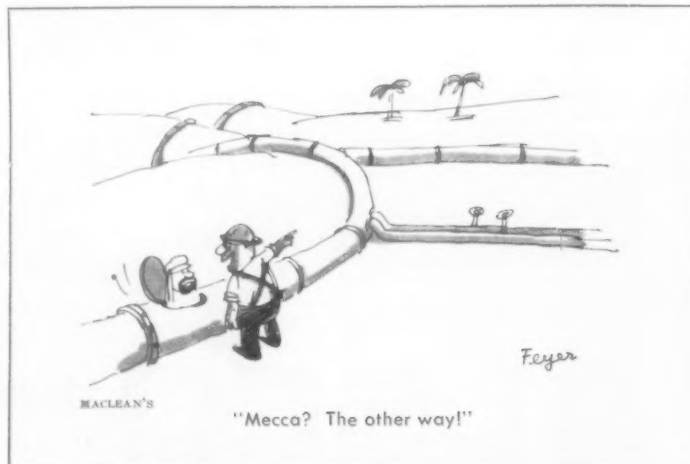
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This may sound as though I don't like Philip. I do. Outside of being autocratic, Philip seems attractive, bright, able, aggressive and certainly handsome. The pity is that Canadians are never presented with any real appraisal of his character.

In contrast to Philip, thirty-two-year-old Queen Elizabeth is graciousness itself with the press—within the stiff confines of court protocol. On last year's Ottawa visit, she began injecting a warmth into her public appearances and perhaps this is a good omen of what might take place during this year's longer visit.

On this forthcoming tour it would be pleasant to hear the Queen say something spontaneous, something that wasn't so arranged and so pat. All her Canadian speeches thus far have been polite little dissertations of thanks and nothingness written by Buckingham Palace aides who apparently hold the opinion that the queenly dignity is kept by suppressing the queenly personality.

These speeches haven't done her justice. Nor have they served to make her known to Canadians as a human being, instead of just a symbol. Better speeches—speeches with more thought and feeling—could help do this. So, if they were not so hemmed in by restrictions—and were permitted to play the parts of which they are capable, could Queen Mother Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, and the Duchess of Kent and her daughter.

I think these women should be assuming leadership in Commonwealth counsels in health and education, for instance. This concept of displaying themselves only as jewels in the royal crown is as out of date as colonialism in the age we're living in.

Not that they don't do the tour routine tremendously well. Queen Mother Elizabeth is magnificent. Her charm never fails; she acts as if each bouquet was the nicest ever presented, and every city's key the one to be treasured.

The Duchess of Kent shows sophistication with her charm; she is the most natural—with outsiders—of all royal ladies. Her daughter, Princess Alexandra, however, is swaddled in as much royal protocol as swaddles Princess Margaret. For three weeks I traveled throughout eastern Canada in the small press party attached to this mother and daughter. During that tour, though the Duchess was smiles and ease, there was no communication whatsoever between royalty and press. In their two-day visit to New York City at the end of the tour this changed: a conference was set up so that New York press could ask questions to their heart's content, which the royal ladies answered.

During Princess Margaret's tour last summer the schedule and decorum were the same: stereotyped and infernally dull. The romance with John Turner that newspaper readers read so much about was more a figment of press imagination than an actual reality. Mr. Turner, a presentable young lawyer and the stepson of Frank Ross, lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, was practically the only bachelor the princess met on the trip—let alone danced with.

What is needed is a new set of ground rules for covering royal visitors, and more truth on both sides.

I doubt if Queen Elizabeth could lose dignity, no matter the circumstance. By expressing herself to her people, I think she would grow rather than decrease in stature. I contend that this is the kind of relationship that should be developed between the Queen and the Commonwealth—an association based on mutual knowledge. ★



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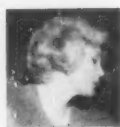
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Bruce Hutchison visits Zsa Zsa Gabor

Continued from page 17

"To this siren who had deliberately scandalized the nation I was just an elderly sitting duck"

didn't even complain, though I had arrived a full hour late after losing myself in a maze of disjointed roads.

In short, she was obviously relieved to recognize me as a quaint, primitive type from the northern wilderness, an elderly sitting duck. For an international siren who had dismissed three rich husbands, was planning to acquire a fourth and had deliberately scandalized the nation of her adoption year in and year out, the thing was too easy.

The duellist took one look at her victim, sheathed her weapon and offered me a drink.

Wishing to keep my head clear for the work before me, I suggested coffee. That, she confessed, as she drew me into a bottomless chesterfield, would be difficult. She had just hired a new maid and "in Hollywood, you know, a new maid is equal to a nervous breakdown."

However, coffee soon appeared from nowhere in a splendid silver pot. Miss Gabor's tiny hand lifted the pot and, in a delicate, stylized gesture, as if she were doing it on the stage, filled my cup. Two lumps of sugar and a special smile were added "for such a sweet gentleman."

This ritual gave me a chance to look around the magnificent room filled with *objets d'art*, priceless bric-à-brac, an amorous French poodle, two minute, yapping Yorkshire terriers and Miss Gabor's palace guard.

Taking no chances, she had stationed her press agent, a dour, protective person, in the background lest my questions prove difficult. She had summoned her personal autobiographer, Mr. Gerold Frank, a brilliant and likeable man, for intellectual support, I suppose. She had also provided a photographer, who crawled all over the floor exploding flash bulbs.

This defense in depth, as she must have realized at once, was quite unnecessary. When the photographer asked me to move closer to her on the chesterfield she patted my hand in reassurance. I was harmless. In fact, this diminutive creature, her head hardly reaching my shoulder, made me feel like a savage and talk like a scrambled egg. If the reader thinks that strange, he has not met Miss Gabor in her lonely, hilltop castle.

Nevertheless, I managed to outline the terms of reference. It had been agreed in advance with the press agent that the purpose of my mission would not be crudely stated in this chaste home. The phrase "sex appeal" would not rear its ugly head. Miss Gabor, as I had been warned, rarely gave interviews. Her personal life (though explored in the papers every day) was sacred and her real interests, I gathered, were in higher things like acting and painting. Still, if I would keep the conversation on that lofty level she would see me. I promised her now that I would abide by these rules.

She nodded approval as I repeated the agreement with comic solemnity. You might have thought that we were assembled to negotiate nothing less than world peace. But my companion in this preposterous adventure was tired of it already.

James H. Richardson, the Los Angeles editor who is celebrated in novel, motion picture and California's ripe legendary as "The Last of the Terrible Men," had taken a dark view of my assignment from the start. Accustomed, since he left Winnipeg some forty years ago, to actresses, politicians, detectives, gangsters, murderers and phonies of all sorts, Richardson seemed little impressed by Hungary's best-known export and less by me.

Suddenly that great-hearted man sprang to my rescue and, standing with a look of dark menace over the chesterfield, announced that I was only a simple political reporter entirely uninterested in the lady's private affairs and the stale clichés of her love life, that my sole object was to study Hollywood as a cultural centre and Miss Gabor as one of its essential exhibits.

I thought the opening speech excellent, if a trifle overdone. Our hostess evidently thought it incredible. She glanced at Richardson as if he were a dangerous lunatic and at me as if I were his helpless victim. No one, I guessed, had ever talked to her in this elevated fashion before. She kept smiling with her teeth but the gleam in her eye hardened perceptibly.

A doll wired for sound

At the conclusion of his address my friend laid down the virtuous formula on which he and I had agreed beforehand. Avoiding the forbidden word sex, he asked Miss Gabor to explain the mysteries of glamour, a more dignified word for the commercial product which is discussed and sold in Hollywood the way an economist discusses the national income or a broker sells shares of United States Steel.

While Miss Gabor was considering Richardson's question I took the opportunity to observe the subject of the investigation more closely. She was not the person I had expected to see.

What, you may ask, had I expected? Again, I can't rightly say. Perhaps a dumb, hot blonde with seductive perfume and rehearsed answers from an old script; or possibly a blue angel like the early Dietrich in fluffy garters; or maybe a Theda Bara in metal brassiere as remembered from my panting youth. In any case, I expected something ludicrous, the material of a little harmless parody and, with luck, even a morsel of information.

The Love Goddess, contemporary version, was nothing like that. For one thing, she didn't wear perfume or display her figure. For another, unlike most actresses, she was prettier in life than in motion pictures, much smarter and — despite her reputation — strangely chilling.

On the screen she might appear boisterous and ardent but in life Miss Gabor (though no one will believe it) made me think of a china figurine, or a doll of porcelain, skilfully articulated and wired for sound, or an old-fashioned miniature painted on a snuff box — a beautiful miniature, mind you, the work of a master, but painted and unreal.

Her hair floated in a cumulus cloud shot with streaks of silvery light, but

oddly dark at the roots. (If that platinum color was artificial an able metallurgist had done the job.) Her face was finely chiseled by nature and glazed by art in a flat, uniform buff color, except for the scarlet lips. The hazel eyes were darkly ringed with accurate draftsmanship. From their outer edges two coal-black lines had been penciled obliquely upward for at least three quarters of an inch and were worn candidly as a sailor wears tattoo marks. The general effect was wholly pleasing and artistic—just good, honest design intended to deceive no one.

Completing this shameless inventory, I noted that the high cheek bones and upturned eyes gave the features a subtle Slavic or Asiatic cast, the remnant, I presume, of racial migrations into the Danube valley long ago.

Again no one will believe it, but the impact of this extraordinary person was coldly impersonal, as she no doubt desired. Other men no doubt have regarded her differently but I felt myself to be in the presence of a statue. The first siren of my acquaintance was as sexless as a knife and equally sharp.

Miss Gabor turned on me her luminous eyes and an air of puzzled inquiry almost unbelievable.

"What is the question?" she asked.

"Glamour," I said, secretly trembling lest I should forget myself and use a more common word. "How do you explain glamour?" She knew what I meant all right but she needed time to think out an answer as phony as my question.

Glamour, she began, by way of evasive action, came from childhood training among the best people, from manners taught in a fashionable home, from the right school and the right clothes. These things she had been taught in Budapest, in Vienna and at a finishing school in Switzerland.

"My mother and father," she explained, "instructed me what to wear, how to talk, how to enter a room—you know, everything a girl needs to know. That's glamour."

All this, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the question as she was well aware. My expression must have indicated that I considered her remarks sheer nonsense and I could see that she was irritated.

"If," she said defiantly, "a woman has a pretty face and a good figure and a million dollars, that's glamour enough for any man."

I couldn't dispute her unequalled knowledge on that score but I shook my head, while gently ejecting one of the terriers from under the coffee table with my foot before it could eat the rest of my trousers.

Miss Gabor persisted in equivocation by citing an example of spurious glamour. A certain famous actress (whose name I was forbidden to use but who certainly has the primary Hollywood product in abundance) was a friend of hers, a dear dear friend, and so beautiful that everyone gasped as she entered a room.

"But when she opens her mouth," said Miss Gabor, "it's all ruined. She can't talk. She didn't go to the right school. The glamour—it just evaporates. Like that!"

"No, no, Zsa Zsa," Frank, the autobiographer, objected. "That's not what he means at all. He means the inner essence, the touch of communication, the—the—"

Even the man of letters couldn't define what any of us meant when we were tongue-tied by our formula of respectability. Miss Gabor made a pretty pretense of not understanding Frank and started all over again.

"Garbo had it," she said irreverently, "and so had Harlow, and Dietrich, and Monroe and Liz Taylor."

"And you?" I ventured.

At that she shrugged modestly and repeated that she had been brought up well.

I decided to infringe the formula and put the thing bluntly: "Why do men like you?"

Another tinkle and a good show of girlish confusion as she replied: "I just don't know."

That statement probably had the advantage of being true. At any rate, our

investigation was getting us nowhere. The love goddess, a perplexed oracle, perforce gave her answers in riddles.

While I squirmed on the chesterfield I saw out of the corner of my eye that Frank was also squirming, with sympathy, beside the vast picture window. Though acting here as Miss Gabor's second, he wanted fair play, the strict code of duello.

Finally he interrupted the unequal contest to expostulate: "But Zsa, Zsa, you're not answering the question. He asks you to define glamour."

"That's it!" the Terrible Man grunted from the corner. "What's glamour?"

The fencer retreated neatly, with a dainty pout and an air of bewilderment nearly credible.

"I can't answer three of you at once!" she cried. "What is the question?"

I went over it again, laboriously, clumsily, idiotically. Miss Gabor listened intently, a frown of deep reflection furrowing the lovely brow. The ceramic glaze took on a sharper glint. She nodded gravely as if she had never heard of the primary product and found it baffling.

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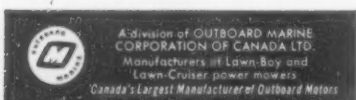
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Frank threw up his hands in despair. "You see?" he said. "Yesterday I asked Zsa Zsa how I could ever get down in a book her distillation of champagne, quick silver and glistening Sheffield steel. 'No,' said Zsa Zsa, 'not steel—platinum.' Oh, well . . ."

The hair might be platinum but the look which Miss Gabor threw at her autobiographer was of the best Sheffield. Ignoring the interruption, she deftly switched the subject from female to male glamour on which, I assume, she is a recognized authority.

"There are thirty or forty perfectly wonderful, beautiful men in Hollywood," she affirmed. "It makes you swoon just to look at them. But when they start to talk! Why, every last one of them only wants to buy a ranch and be a cowboy. If I had to spend a whole day with a man like that I'd blow my brains out for boredom. No, they haven't any glamour."

In England, though, things were a little better. Sometimes she had found the real thing there—"the young lord, perfectly dressed, perfectly mannered, with a castle in the country and race horses and, you understand, everything."

Her face lighted up at these memories, but briefly. Alas, she sighed, these glamorous young nobles usually were yokels at heart, only interested in horses, hunting and crops. They soon bored her. Good heavens, how young men bored her!

That, I inferred, was why she sometimes befriended but never married them. Hence the list of eligible candidates for Miss Gabor's tiny hand might appear to be extensive but was quite limited after all. A Turkish ambassador when she was sixteen, then the hotel tycoon, Conrad Hilton, then George Sanders, the actor and her "dream man"—these alone had qualified so far as husbands.

But the engagement finger of her left hand reminded me that there would shortly be a fourth. That finger was freighted with the biggest diamond I had ever seen. To avoid exaggeration I must state that, contrary to general report, it was not as big as a hen's egg. It was only the size of a bantam's egg; that is, an unnaturally large, overgrown bantam.

The owner saw me gaping at this jewel. She caressed it fondly and raised one black eyebrow to acknowledge my astonishment, though in point of fact I was only wondering whether she could get her left glove on and how she managed to raise her arm under the weight of its cargo. (Her matching diamond earrings, half an inch in diameter, would have kept the average family in comfortable retirement.)

The ring gave Miss Gabor another chance to dodge my questions.

She forgot herself and violated the terms of reference to announce: "I'm engaged to a distinguished and wonderful gentleman. This is his ring. It's a blue diamond. Or perhaps you didn't notice?"

One might just as easily have ignored a searchlight in a dark sky.

"Can you imagine it?" she demanded with a convincing expression of distaste. "Some people actually say I'm marrying this distinguished and wonderful gentleman just for his diamond!"

"Outrageous!" I said but didn't ask the gentleman's name. It lay outside the terms of reference.

"Or they say," she went on, "that I'm marrying him for his fine house! (A house equipped, I had been told, with an endless spiral pool enabling the residents to swim from room to room.) 'What would I want with another house? Why would I ever give up this beautiful house that I love?'"

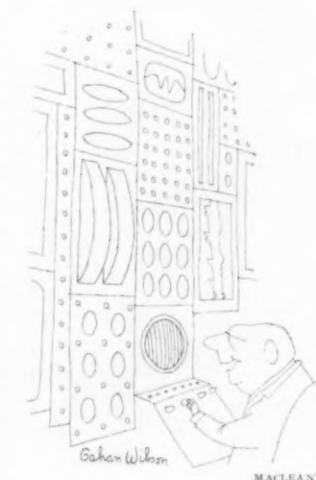
"Ridiculous!" I heard my voice saying in a tone of disgust.

"Oh, God!" the Terrible Man gurgled from the corner. The press agent kept his professional glare of warning trained on me. Frank gazed bleakly out the window. The photographer exploded more flash bulbs. The three dogs yapped in chorus. Everybody seemed to have forgotten the primary product. Miss Gabor remembered only her blue diamond and the injustice of life.

Some people, she added, were even suggesting that she give the diamond back to its donor in proof of her integrity. Wasn't that outrageous? I agreed that it was outrageous.

"Everything you see," she exclaimed, "I paid for myself. Everything. I am a working woman. You understand?"

I said I understood and I did, too. A few trifling gifts of friendship from admirers surely did not breach her strict code. Some churlish fellow in Congress had lately enumerated the costly favors allegedly bestowed upon her by the son



"Why does a chicken cross the road?"

of a Caribbean statesman and had uttered certain harsh comments on her habits, but that critic could never have seen the working woman. Otherwise he would have realized the simple truth—Miss Gabor had just been born with a genius of human affection, a great big loving heart.

Her friends, she assured me, understood her motives, but the American press didn't and scandalously misrepresented her.

"Yesterday," she recalled, "my agent handed me a pile of newspaper clippings about so high (the tiny hands indicated the height of at least a foot) and they said Zsa Zsa is this, Zsa is that—nonsense! I read one or two items and threw the rest on the floor. I pay no attention to newspapers. I don't need them. They need me."

The boldness of my next question surprised me and brought a grunt of approval from Richardson: if she didn't care about the press why did it so annoy her?

"How would you like it," she shot back in a flash of steel—no, platinum—"if you picked up a paper and read that you dressed as carefully to go to bed as when you got up in the morning, eh?"

I indicated that this nocturnal picture was indeed fascinating but not one that

a respectable old gent should entertain. What, I repeated firmly, about glamour? Didn't it include the quality of intelligence?

"Oh, yes," she agreed enthusiastically. "Intelligence, of course."

The word launched Richardson to his feet like an inquisitor. If Miss Gabor conceded that intelligence was essential to glamour would she now answer some intelligent questions?

She would gladly. All right then, said the Terrible Man, let her talk about politics. Did she have intelligent views on government?

Certainly she had. She was extremely interested in government, she said, reproving Richardson with her hardest Sheffield stare. But no questions about Russia, please. Her father still lived in Hungary under the Russians.

Just as I thought she was dodging again, this curious woman uttered a penetrating comment on American civilization. The United States, she said, was in no danger of communism because it was too close to the Communist system already.

"How's that again?" Richardson and I demanded together, and not too politely.

Her riposte was calm and, I thought, very shrewd. The American system, she said, had provided all the high living standards and everything else that the Communists only promised to deliver. They were merely imitating American life. So why change it? No need, therefore, to fear the Communists in America.

Did she believe in democracy? She said she did, but I detected a notable lack of enthusiasm. On second thoughts, she loved the principle of aristocracy as she had known it in her Hungarian youth. It was only right that the most talented, educated and elegant people should have greater rewards than the others, wasn't it?

So they did in America, I suggested, my eyes wandering about her lavish house. A few millionaires might enjoy certain privileges, she retorted, but that wasn't aristocracy, not the real thing.

Lest this sentiment be misunderstood by her public, she added rather hastily that aristocracy was dead everywhere. Too late to regret it now. Besides, she loved America. She was proud to be an American citizen. And Hollywood wasn't America, of course. She seemed to loathe Hollywood while adoring all its inhabitants.

What of her art as an actress? Was she a pupil of the popular Russian school? Did she follow what is technically known as The Method, a theory of acting, so to speak, from the soul and now a subject of bitter controversy in Hollywood?

Oh, yes, she had studied The Method but it had nearly ruined her career.

"I'm Hungarian," she said, "and we Hungarians have enough emotion inside us without any Method. Maybe it's all right for Anglo-Saxons, to stimulate them. It was just what Gregory Peck needed to let himself go. I needed the opposite, to restrain me. When I got the right teacher, a wonderful woman who understood me, everything went beautifully. But two whole years were wasted on that Method!"

Surely, I said, she must have her own private method of acting? Did she become, within herself, the character she was portraying?

"But, of course! I read the script once, just once, and I am that person—completely. Dramatic parts are so easy. It's the comedy that's so hard—to put over someone else's jokes, I mean. In dramatic parts I can feel all the character's

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emotions. When an actor says, 'I love you,' then I always know exactly how to react."

I didn't doubt it. Miss Gabor read my unworthy thoughts. Her face wore an air of concentration on her art but the eyes laughed into mine and she tapped my hand again with the diamond finger as if to say "touché!" The duel wasn't entirely one-sided. At any rate, I saw that under the brittle ceramic glaze she had an impish sense of humor. She could laugh at herself and she wouldn't make a fool of me—not quite—if I kept my place. I began to like her.

Moreover, I began to sympathize with her life of grinding labor. Why, I asked, did she work so hard in movies, television and night clubs?

"I have to," she said simply, "because I like to live well. I must make money. I have my house to keep, my furniture, my Renoirs—you know."

The fluttering hands swept the room of treasures, all paid for by her honorable toil. I muttered my appreciation and remembered, privately, that her toil included weekly television advice to ladies in favor of an electric razor for use in shaving their legs. No one could work harder than that.

What would happen, I inquired, if she ever found herself poor?

Poverty, she assured me gravely, had no terrors for her. "My parents gave me a good education. I could make a living in many ways, in any station of life—interior decorating, clothes designing—oh, many different things. For the last two weeks I've been skiing in an old sweater and a pair of slacks and I was perfectly happy."

I believed her but judged from the blue flash of the diamond that poverty was not exactly imminent.

I also concluded that Miss Gabor lived in two worlds, one imaginary, the other intensely practical. The dream world of her youth, where charm was a household art and fascination a native handicraft, had long been dead in Europe and had never existed here, but she managed somehow to maintain the illusion of it like the remembered tune of a Viennese waltz.

The talk, now completely out of hand as its subject intended, had turned to the forthcoming autobiography. The sensitive autobiographer, who had written "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and other best-selling confessions of movie stars, said the new book would be entitled "Zsa Zsa and Me, by Zsa Zsa Gabor, as told to Gerold Frank." The title was meant to indicate that there were two Miss Gabors, the public character known as Zsa Zsa and the unknown woman teasingly called Me. "It's to be a book of your life?" I asked, deadpan.

"A part of my life!" Miss Gabor answered demurely. Her tantalizing smile suggested but did nothing to disclose the other part, the mysterious Me. She quickly amended the smile to say that she hated publicity, just hated it. Her evident sincerity and pain wrung my heart.

The newspapers, she repeated, never could understand her. Besides, "I'm always saying the most awful things when I shouldn't and the papers pick them up. I don't know why I do it."

For once a faint pink of embarrassment oozed across the buff glaze. Possibly to hide her confusion she picked up one of the two revolting Yorkshire terriers, a ball of fluff called Mr. McGoo, and pressed him to her bosom, kissed his nose and asked me if he were not beautiful. I detested the beast on sight and said he was the most beautiful dog I had ever encountered. Its twin barked jealously. They were useful stage properties.

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All this time the photographer had been stalking about the room and crouching on the floor to make his angle shots but they didn't satisfy him. Miss Gabor and I must stand together in the hall. We must march down the stairs, arm in arm, like bride and groom. It was dreadful but inescapable. I heard another groan from Richardson as we began this grisly promenade.

"Closer! Closer!" the cameraman insisted, and Miss Gabor snuggled up beside me like the reliable old trouper she is.

"Keep talking, keep smiling!" he said, and she talked and smiled up at me as if she actually enjoyed it. She might not be a great actress on the stage but she performed our crude farce like a Bernhardt.

Our ordeal over at last, she picked up a photograph in a silver frame. It showed a handsome woman in her late fifties, I estimated. This, she said, was her mother, the truly beautiful member of the family, whose three daughters owed all their beauty and charm to her.

I saw no resemblance and declared that the two generations were practically identical.

The mother owned a jewelry business in New York, Miss Gabor informed me, and was about to remarry, an event which delighted the daughter. The parents, I also learned, had christened Miss Gabor "Sari" after her godmother, the great Hungarian actress, Sari Fedak, but the child found it impossible to pronounce that name so instead called herself Zsa Zsa. Even as an infant she must have possessed a sure sense of box office. Her early inspiration had unwittingly supplied Hollywood with a proper noun for its primary product.

Then she showed me a photograph of her father, a stout, soldierly figure, who was divorced from the mother but had the daughter's doting affection.

Finally she produced a photograph of her own daughter, a sprightly girl of twelve, whose father is Conrad Hilton. As was doubtless expected of me, I said it was impossible to believe that Miss Gabor had a daughter of this advanced age.

She slapped my hand to acknowledge the false compliment and admitted archly that she could have a child much older.

Of course I wanted to ask her own age but my courage didn't go that far. The official biography handed to me by the press agent noted, in a masterpiece of ambiguity, that she had been born "on February 6." I would place that date at something just short of forty years ago. Yet at the distance of a few feet Miss Gabor might be taken for under thirty.

It was only when we sat down again and resumed the weary duel that I observed at close range the minute lines, thinner than cobwebs, at the corners of her eyes where the glaze had begun to crack, invisible to any camera.

The discovery that even love goddesses are not immortal depressed me. To tell the truth, this whole affair had depressed me hideously, though not as much, I dare say, as it had depressed Miss Gabor, but her sportsmanship and professional code maintained the farce to the end. While it had produced by way of information exactly nothing, at least the primary product had never been mentioned by name. In Hollywood that must have been a record of some sort.

As I rose at dusk to take my leave Miss Gabor pressed my hand again and raised a black eyebrow in a look of understanding. She was telling me that I hadn't been as silly as I appeared.

"This," she asserted, appealing to

Frank for confirmation, "has been the most intelligent interview of my whole life!"

Frank didn't seem unduly stirred. Richardson just yawned. As for me, I would have been insulted if I had thought that she expected me to believe her.

At the door the glaze was shattered momentarily by a last tinkle of sardonic laughter to reveal a flash of the Me behind the Zsa Zsa.

"When you write your piece," she giggled, "I won't mind if you pull my leg—just a leetle."

That invitation was kindly meant but somewhat late. She had been pulling mine for the last two hours. And feeling suddenly decrepit, I staggered away from the potent distillation of champagne, quick silver and Sheffield steel—no, platinum.

As I looked back through the huge picture window I saw a relaxed duelist in the only natural, unstudied act of the afternoon. She was crouching beside her stone fireplace; the housewife's tiny, practical hands were lighting a fire. The glaze had dissolved into an honest smile

of satisfaction after a good day's work.

Alas, her moment of relaxation was to be fleeting. Just as I completed this report the newspapers carried a shattering postscript from New York: "Zsa Zsa Gabor says her scheduled marriage to Hal Hayes, wealthy building contractor, is all off because she is not madly in love."

The duelist's rapier had struck again, unerringly at the heart. That news further depressed me. Miss Gabor's diamond will never look so well on any other hand. ★

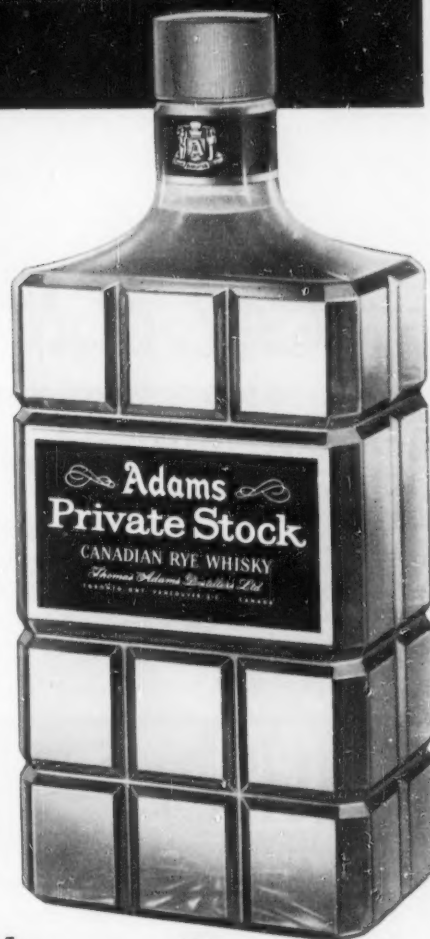
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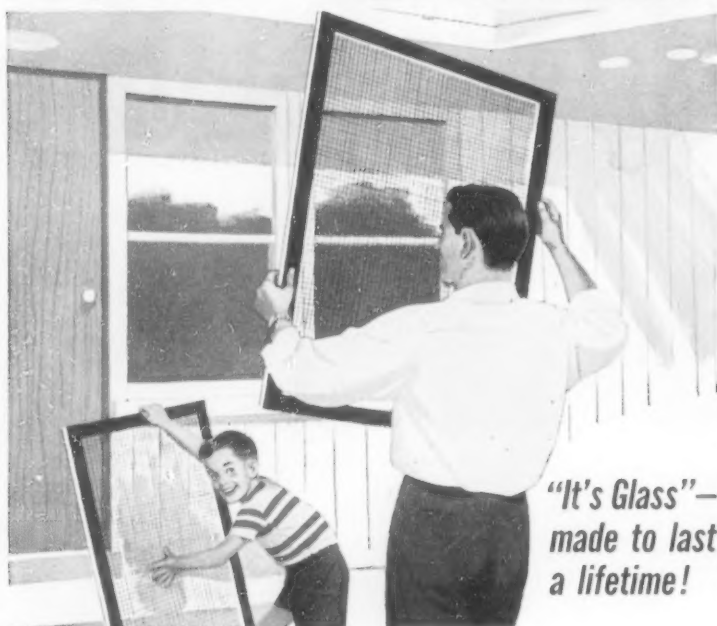
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Can we avoid a shooting battle for Berlin?

Continued from page 21

"The military plight of West Berlin is hopeless. The 10,000 troops are like a band of hostages"

the people being "screened" at the West Berlin refugee centre on the day of our visit was a British spy—a German, but an agent of the U. K. He hadn't done much in the espionage line, for he was caught and sent to a forced-labor camp within weeks after he signed on as a British agent, but he told us his assignment. It was to line up a chain of technical informants (he's an engineer) to send out data on uranium mining. The British wanted to know how much the mines of Saxony were producing and how much of it went to the Soviet Union.

The questions put to the man were interested but friendly. The British authorities had already confirmed that his story was true and that he was entitled to political asylum. (He said he had neither asked nor got any pay for his work; he was opposed to the Communist regime, and "wanted to do something to help.")

But what struck me as most astonishing, in this astonishing tale, was the sentence imposed by the East German court on this self-confessed traitor and spy. He got three years, no more—and the last nine months of that knocked off for good behavior. He told us he was warned by a friend not to go back to his mother's home in Leipzig because Communist police were waiting for him with another charge that would doubtless have sent him back to jail. That was why, after pretending to set out for Leipzig, he had taken the first train for Berlin and then the subway to freedom. But the mere fact that such a man could have got away at all, with such ease, in spite of such a record of enmity to the Communist regime, was an indication how widely that enmity must be shared.

No doubt the Russians use the same channel to send their own Communist agents west, and no doubt they succeed in many cases, but the free West Germans are contemptuously indifferent to this threat. Ninety-nine and a half percent of all refugees are admitted with no more than a routine interrogation. The fifty percent who are under twenty-five years old are not questioned at all. The West Germans say it doesn't matter what these young people may think today, when they've never even seen a free country; once they do see one they will like it. This tolerant attitude produces results. A considerable number of Communist agents end up by reporting voluntarily to the West German police and asking for asylum.

A lot is said and written about the contrast in material standards of living between East and West Germany. The contrast is there, all right. The Kurfurstendamm, West Berlin's Fifth Avenue, does indeed look like a gorgeous display compared to the relatively drab shop windows along the Stalinallee in East Berlin. It's also true that many of those who run away to the West, particularly the young, do so for economic reasons.

But if that were all, Khrushchev wouldn't need to worry about the presence of West Berlin. For one thing, the material gap is visibly narrowing. The contrast is much less sharp today than it was the last time I saw it, three years ago; East Berlin is still far behind, but relatively it has made more progress since 1956 than West Berlin. For another thing, the gain in coming to West Germany hardly makes up for the loss of every material possession in East Germany—except, of course, for the young men and women who have no material possessions worth mentioning.

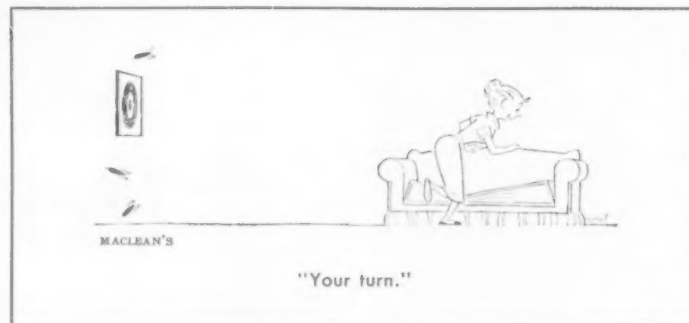
Island in Communist sea

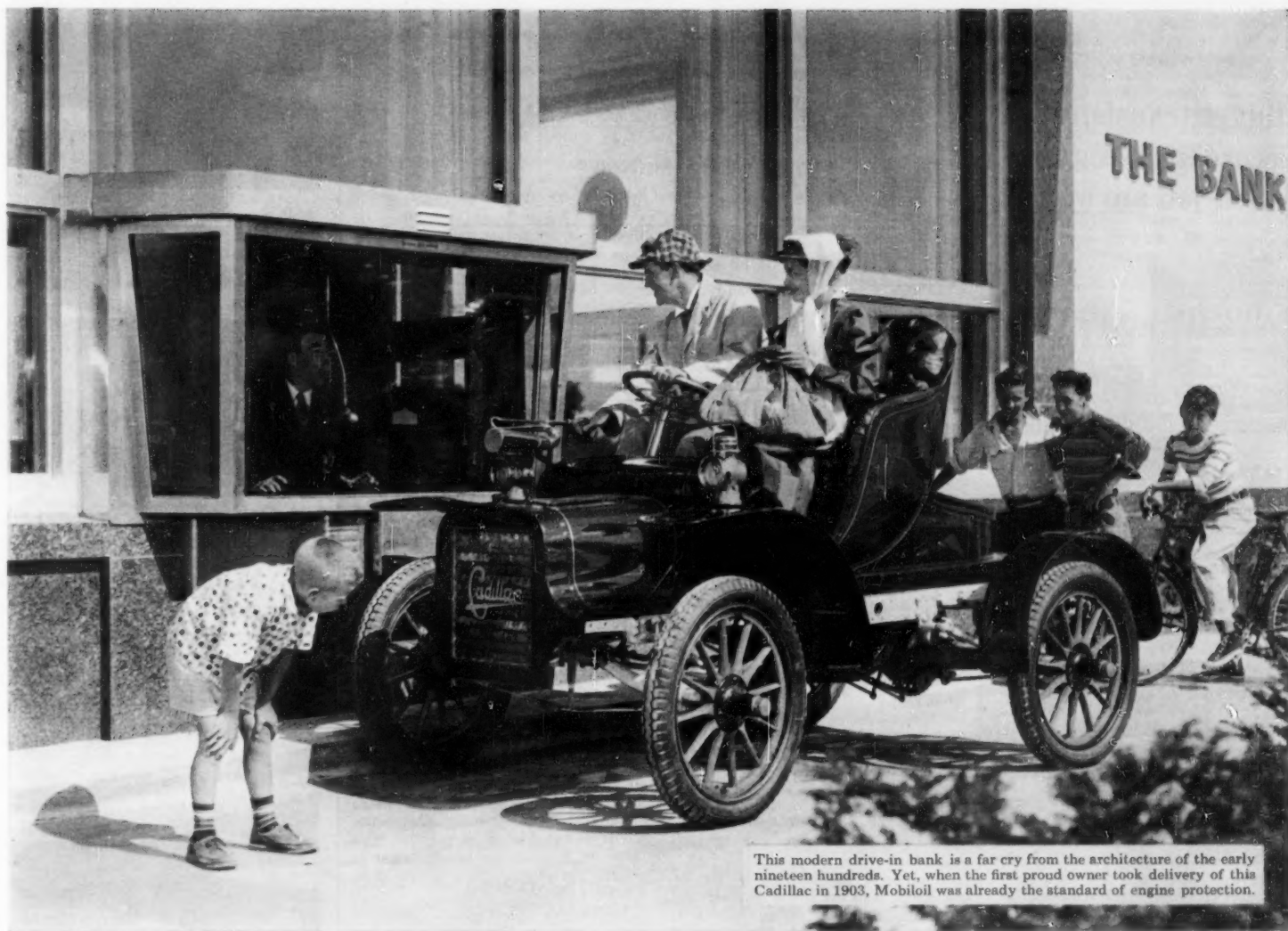
The real and permanent inducement, the true reproach that mocks all the pretensions of the Communist regime, is simply freedom. West Germans go where they like, read what they like, say what they like. So long as West Berlin remains an island of freedom in the Communist sea, the Communist regime cannot prevent East Germans from knowing this fact. And so long as they know it, the Communist grip on East Germany is bound to be precarious.

"Walter Ulbricht must have told Khrushchev, 'I can't stand this any longer,'" a young East German said. "That's why they are raising the Berlin issue now."

These are persuasive reasons why the Communists want to be rid of West Berlin. In a politico-military deadlock, the political advantage seems to lie on our side; if the Berlin crisis were a mere bargaining contest, these political assets could be bartered against the obvious military advantage of the Russians.

The military plight of West Berlin is hopeless. Ten thousand American, British and French troops are stationed there, not so much a garrison as a band of hostages. More than a hundred miles inside the Soviet-occupied zone, supplied from the west by roads and canals that could be cut without effort, these men,





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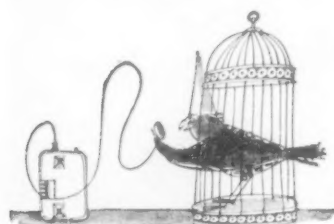
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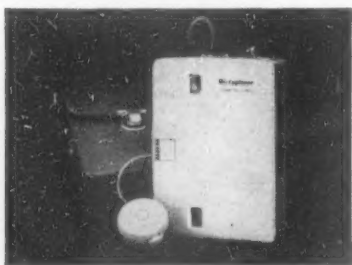
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IN THE NEXT MACLEAN'S

ON SALE MAY 26

in the event of trouble, couldn't hope even for rescue, let alone reinforcements. They could only be avenged—and that would mean all-out war.

Moreover, West Berlin brings no material gain to our side. It costs the West German government two hundred and fifty million dollars a year in subsidies and tax exemptions. Economically as well as militarily, the city is only a burden and a hazard.

So why do we try to hang on to it? Why not sell out West Berlin for the highest political price we can get, and relax?

There are cynics in Bonn (foreigners, but people who live there) who say that when the chips are down, West Germany will do just that. The Adenauer regime depends, they say, on the fairly even division between Roman Catholic and Protestant in present-day West Germany. Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union commands practically all of the Roman Catholic vote plus a small but adequate fraction of the Protestant. East Germany is mostly Protestant, and might be expected to vote Social Democrat in an all-German election and turn Adenauer's party out. This, according to the cynics, is the true cause of the old chancellor's notorious "rigidity." He doesn't really want any change, they contend, and so he sticks to terms that he knows the Russians will never accept.

I put this question one evening to a German MP of Adenauer's party, who is also a rich industrialist, a friend of Alfred Krupp—just the kind of man one might expect to hold cynically "realistic" views. He answered with every appearance of sincerity:

"I assure you most solemnly that this is not true. We Germans do not feel that way.

"You must understand that one third of all the people in West Germany have near relatives in East Germany—parents, brothers, sons. The rest of us have friends there. These kinfolk and these friends are living in captivity. It is to us unthinkable that we should abandon them, and accept the present division of our country as a permanent thing."

The loss of West Berlin would not in itself, of course, affect the seventeen million people now captive in East Germany. But West Berlin is a symbol as well as an escape hatch. To abandon it would be to abandon hope, and this the

German people are not willing to do.

The other Western allies are clearly and solemnly pledged to stand by the West Germans if West Berlin is attacked. The pledge was implicit from the beginning, and honored as such in 1948-49 when the U.S. defeated Stalin's Berlin blockade with the Berlin airlift. Since 1954 the promise has been explicit, a solemn engagement in writing, lately reaffirmed by the "stand firm" declarations that preceded and followed the NATO meeting in Washington. If Khrushchev should be so foolish as to take West Berlin by force — our course would be painful but inescapable. We are committed to fight.

But just for that reason, it's most unlikely that Khrushchev will make any such violent move. Much more subtle devices are open to him. The situation in West Berlin is so delicately balanced that the slightest change, even the most reasonable-looking change, will put the Western allies in a painful dilemma.

The presence of an allied garrison in West Berlin, which is the only physical protection against the Communist forces all round, depends on the constitutional fiction that Germany is still an occupied country. Technically the allied troops are occupation troops, present "by right of conquest" in West Berlin like the Soviet troops who hold East Germany.

Khrushchev has now offered to make a separate peace, withdraw the Red Army from German soil, and leave the handling of Berlin to Premier Grotewohl's puppet government of East Germany. The Soviet draft of a peace treaty, in its Article 25, says: "Pending the restoration of Germany's unity and the establishment of a united German state, West Berlin shall have the standing of a demilitarized free city." To this Khrushchev has added the suggestion that "token forces" of allied nations might be allowed to stay in West Berlin — provided, of course, that Soviet troops were included.

Offering a separate peace can hardly be described as an "attack" on West Berlin, but it creates a problem to which the allies have not yet found an agreed answer: What shall we do if the Russians withdraw and we are compelled, by their default, to deal with an East German government that the West refuses to recognize?

Germans become very worried when any of their allies do as Prime Minister

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Harold Macmillan did on his visit to Moscow — take a stand that has not been cleared with the rest of the alliance. They were furious, and they still are, at the Macmillan-Khrushchev suggestion that "a thinning out of forces" might be one goal of East-West talks on central Europe. But they explained that their anger was caused, not by the proposal itself, but by the fact that Macmillan made it without prior consultation. Germany will not even be present at a summit meeting, and the Germans are afraid their position may be given away by allies who don't fully understand it.

But what would the Germans themselves accept? Are they rigidly determined that the present fantastic state of affairs be continued forever?

Not at all. Germans will negotiate as freely as anyone on the whole broad issue of Germany and German reunification. What they don't want is a negotiation on the narrow issue of Berlin alone. There, they can see no possibility of advantage to anyone but the Russians and their East German puppets.

Franz-Josef Strauss, West Germany's blunt and outspoken minister of defense, gave us the clearest outline of his country's minimum requirement:

"Self-determination, that's what we want for Germany. Not in all fields, perhaps. We don't insist upon a free hand to arm ourselves, for example. We don't insist on a free hand in foreign policy, to make whatever alliances we choose. On things like that, we would be willing to accept some restrictions.

"But at the very least, the people must be free to choose their own social and political system at home. If they want a Communist system, all right, let them have it; but they must have a free choice. There is no problem on our side. We have a free choice, we can do as we like. But for seventeen million people in the Soviet-occupied zone, we must demand that they have the right to decide how they want to live."

At the German Foreign Office next day we got a further elaboration from Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano and his senior aides: "We are opposed to any solution that makes Berlin a Russian satellite. That's what Khrushchev's 'free city' proposal would do.

"We think the Russians have two sets of proposals, a maximum which they'll try to get, a minimum for which they'll settle. They have already declared their maximum, the so-called draft treaty that merely perpetuates the present division of Germany with a few adjustments in Russia's favor. What their minimum is, we shall find out by negotiation.

"We too have a maximum and a minimum program. When we make any concession away from our maximum, it should be an exchange for a Soviet concession."

What concessions would West Germany be willing to make?

"We'd be fools to reveal them at this stage. But remember, Khrushchev is not sure of himself either. It would be a most dangerous thing to let him think he can break up Western unity by offering one thing here, another there. We must stand together."

Stand together on what?

That's the question that brings the argument back to where it started. So far, nobody knows the answer.

Some Germans and some Americans would like it to be "Stand where we are. Stand firm against any change whatsoever in the *status quo*, unless it is a negotiated change." Casual observation made us think that the Americans in Germany are actually more rigid in this view than the Germans are. One junior official of

the German government remarked, over a drink: "We're not at all afraid that the Russians will start a war over Berlin, but we're sometimes afraid that the Americans will."

But this is all loose talk by individuals. It is perfectly obvious that we cannot "stand firm" against some purely negative act by the Soviet Union. We cannot, for example, prevent the Russians from walking away from East Germany if they decide to run the risk of doing so. We can't pretend it's an aggressive act for an East German, instead of a Russian, to

stamp the entry papers of allied trucks bound for Berlin (although there was a time when some people talked as though it were). Once that happens, it will become more and more difficult to deal with the East German authorities from day to day while maintaining, at the same time, that they do not exist. But if these workaday contacts lead to any kind of formal recognition, then we shall be writing off the unification of Germany, and probably signing the death warrant of the Western alliance.

That's the dark side of the picture. The

bright side, as seen by the British in particular, is that the Russians really do seem in a mood to negotiate about Berlin, which now is a painful thorn in their side. If that view is correct, then presumably the Russians will settle for something less than their published demands. Conceivably, the negotiations of 1959 might settle the problem of Germany and win the peace of Europe.

The real difficulty is not to find the means to shoot our way to Berlin, but to find a common ground for negotiation on which the West can stand united. ★



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"He stuck the gun in my ribs and said, 'Don't try to be a hero' "

name. So it must be a gag! But he stuck the shotgun in my ribs and said, "Take it easy and don't try to be a hero." I didn't recognize the voice.

Just then my wife came in. She walked right into the kitchen without saying a

word, just staring. The tall man waved the shotgun at her and said, "Sit down." Teresa sat down on one of the kitchen chairs.

Then, without saying anything more, the fellow with the automatic pushed

Robert down on a chair and took out some rope he had with him and tied him to the chair. I remember saying, "Not so tight!" But they paid no attention. They tied Robert's hands and feet to the chair and then looped the end round his neck

so that if he moved his feet it would tighten the rope on his throat. It was terrible.

And I still had no idea what was behind all this.

Next they tied my wife the same way, but not so tightly. Then they tied me, very tightly. I had my left wrist in a sling from where I had stepped on a roller and fallen through a plate-glass window in the store the week before, while I was showing a new employee how to clean windows. It was very painful. But when they tied me to the chair they paid no attention to this, and my shoulder began to ache too. In the hospital later, I found they had dislocated my shoulder.

I kept saying, "What's going on? What's this all about?" while they were tying us. But the tall fellow only said, "You'll find out." He put a tea towel around my eyes, and finally put a strip of adhesive tape over my mouth.

"Now," said the leader, when they had us all tied up like turkeys, "what we want is the keys to the store and the combination to the safe." I tried to talk, but of course with the plaster there, I couldn't. So they ripped it off again, and almost took the skin with it. They also took off the blindfold.

"I don't have the combination," I lied. "It needs three people to open it."

"Vic," the smaller man said, "don't try to kid us. We've been watching you for days. We know you have the combination. We even know the money is in the top half of the safe. Don't be a hero. Just play along and everything will be all right."

They had the right information, and they certainly had us at their mercy, so there was nothing else to do but give them what they wanted.

"The keys are in my pocket," I said. The tall man reached in and took them out, and I showed him which one opened the door. "The combination is easy," I added. "It's just three numbers." I gave them the three numbers, and the tall fellow wrote them on a match book. I didn't think I had to mention that they had to have those three numbers exactly right. They seemed such pros, I didn't think they'd have any trouble.

"We're not fooling, you know," the tall fellow said to me. "If this isn't the right combination, you'll get it bad."

"But it is the right one," I said.

He went out, leaving the smaller guy there to guard us. At first I thought he was the only one left. But he seemed to know what I was thinking. He told me there were two more of them on the back porch, "just in case you've got any bright ideas." One of the fellows out back must have heard what he said because he stamped his feet and I realized there really were more of them outside. I never did see either of the outside men, except later at quite a distance.

I didn't have any bright ideas for spoiling their plans, anyway. I'd seen TV programs just about like this situation and the hero always thought of something smart to do. But all I could do was sit there and wait.

I was wondering where my other son, Rolly, was. It turned out he was tied up in his bed. He called out once, and the man went in to see what he wanted, and I guess he'd been trying to squeeze out of the ropes because I heard the man say, "Who do you think you are—Dick Tracy?"

Once Rolly called out that he had to go to the bathroom, so the fellow carried a pot in there and even rinsed it out afterward. It was crazy, all this service, because my other boy was sitting there almost strangling to death.



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My wife, whose English was not so good, kept trying to comfort Robert. She implored the man in French to do something for him, but he only said, "Stop that talk! Speak English!"

So I asked him too, and finally he loosened the rope around Robert.

After about an hour of this, the leader came storming back into the kitchen.

"You tricked me!" he said.

I said I hadn't, and that I had given him the real combination.

"Repeat it!" he said. So I did.

"Okay," he said. "I'll try it again. But if it doesn't work this time, we'll come back and take you down."

I didn't say anything. I wondered — and still wonder — why he didn't take me down to the store in the first place.

Just then the front door was flung open and my daughter Ghislaine came flying into the room. One of the men outside had pushed her in. Her boy friend came tumbling into the room, too.

The robbers knew who they were. As I said, they were real professionals, and they had everything figured out. While we were sitting there, Robert had told us that the short man — the fellow I'd seen first with the Luger stuck in Robert's back — had come to the house about 10:30 that evening. He had told the two boys that he was a business acquaintance of mine, and that he'd like to wait till I got home. He'd asked questions about us, and the kids had answered him, not suspecting anything, of course. He had sat there in the front room for over an hour without his mask. The leader was either smarter or cagier because he hadn't shown himself until just when we arrived, and then only with his mask on.

There wasn't enough rope left to tie up Ghislaine and Laurent, so the short man ripped the cord off the Venetian blinds. I could only hear this because they had put the blindfold and the tape back on me. They tied Ghislaine to a chair, very tightly. There were no more chairs left for Laurent, so they sat him on the floor and put the rope around his neck and looped it over the door to the basement. They tied his hands and feet as well. It was pretty cruel, because he couldn't move more than a couple of inches.

As soon as they finished this, the two bandits said something about the cops making their rounds soon, and they left to try the safe again. We were alone — almost. The men on the back porch kept shining their flashlight in on us.

By now it was about three a.m.

The two who'd tied us up weren't away long this time, maybe a half hour or so. When I heard them coming up the steps again, I could tell by the way they walked that they were mad. They still hadn't been able to get the safe open. The leader started to yell at me and call me names. As he was doing this he woke up Louise, who called out, "Mama!"

My wife said to the man, "*La petite a peur. Laissez-moi aller la réconforter, je vous implore.*" ("The child is scared. Let me go and soothe her, I beg you.") But he said no, that he would look after it.

He went into Louise's room and we could hear him telling her that it was just a game we were playing, that we were all friends and were only playing cowboys. He did a good job, I'll say that for him, but Louise knew something was wrong just the same.

The chief came back to me and leaned right up close. "You're still stalling!" he hissed. "You gave us the wrong combination again."

I started to shake my head, but he grabbed me by the hair and twisted me around toward my wife and said, "Take a good look at your husband, Mrs. Des-

Groseilliers. It may be the last time."

They ripped the tape off again, but left the blindfold on, and the two of them led me out to the car. I sat in the front seat between them. They started down town — I knew every foot of the way — but at the intersection they turned left toward Montreal. For the first time that evening I really felt scared. "They're going to dump me somewhere along the road and then come back and finish the job," I thought. But just then they turned again, and we were once more going around the block toward the store.

They stopped about a block away from the store and pushed me out and along the street, still blindfolded. Just in front of the store they took the blindfold off. I saw two men in a car by the curb and realized they must be the two who had been on the back porch. One of them waved. The men with me waved back, and the two in the car took off toward my house again.

The leader opened the door and pushed me toward the back of the store. He told me I was to open the safe and then step away from it. He said they would

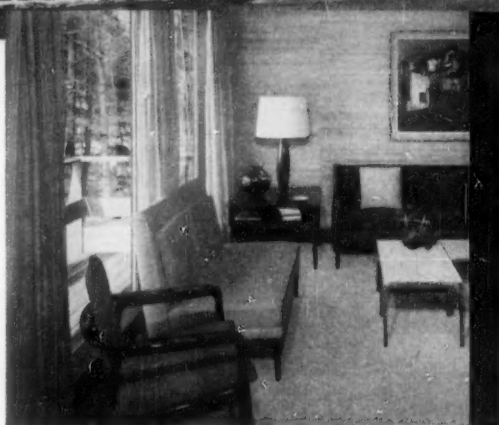
take the money out of it by themselves.

They led me back to the front of the store, and the leader crouched down behind a Quaker Oats display about seventy-five feet from the safe. He told me to open it. So I started turning the dials. The little guy stood there all the time with his finger in my back. I said, "I can't do anything with him bothering me!" So the leader said, "Leave him alone."

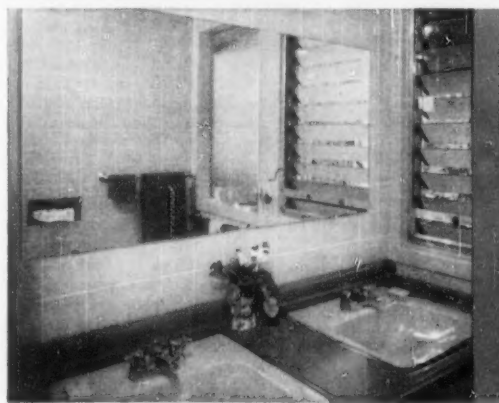
While I was working on the safe a car came along Augustus Street. I thought the little guy would run behind the display but he stayed right there. The



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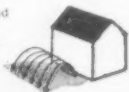


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driver didn't even notice us there in the brightly lit window.

After the safe was opened, they ordered me to stand back behind the display. Just then, two city policemen came along, trying doors. The two robbers crouched down and drew their guns. I heard the leader say, "If they spot us, let 'em have it!" So I hoped, for their sake, that the two cops wouldn't notice anything. And they didn't! They shone their flashlight right on the open door of the safe but kept right on walking.

The robbers waited till the cops were gone. Then they took the money out of the safe and we all went to the back of the store. They dumped it all out on the banana display counter. Then they got a couple of shopping bags and filled them with the money.

The clock on the wall now said 5:40. It was starting to get light outside. The two men had taken off their masks, and I could see them quite clearly. They tied me up again, very tightly, and threw me on the floor. Then the little dark one put the Luger very close to my head and said to the leader, "Shall I get rid of him?"

"We don't have time," the other one said. "Let's go."

So they went. The leader called back to me as they went out the door, "See you again!"

Tears of relief

I began to roll toward the stock room at the back, where there was a phone. But it was real torture. My shoulder felt like it was coming off. It's only about forty feet all told, but it seemed like a mile to go.

Fortunately, they hadn't got dial phones in Cornwall yet, so I was able to knock the receiver off the hook and talk into it. I asked the operator to give me the police, and I told them what had happened.

They thought I was kidding. One of them said, "But we were just over there!" I said, "Yes, I know. We saw you."

As soon as they realized I was serious, they came right over. They climbed in through the skylight in the back and cut me loose. The first thing I did was phone the township police—our house was then in their territory—to go and release my family. I was going to phone them too, but I wanted to see them so badly I rushed out and the cops took me home.

What a wonderful thing it was to see them again, all safe! My wife cried like a baby when she saw me. She'd thought I was gone forever. She had started to work herself loose soon after the robbers left and had cut the kids loose just before I arrived. Now that it was all over she was on the verge of collapse. But she cooked breakfast for the kids before she lay down herself.

It was now about 6:30 a.m. of the worst night in our lives. The two city police, Ed Osler and Percy Rivière, took me back down to the store, and they took pictures and fingerprints. A little later in the day Inspector Nicol of the provincial police arrived from Toronto. The RCMP were also there.

We were all dead tired, but they needed us to identify pictures of the crooks. So we looked at pictures and at one point we all said, "That one!" It was the short, dark fellow who had put the gun to my head in the store.

They picked him up the next day in Brantford, Ont., with over four thousand dollars on him—just about what he would have on a four-way split of \$17,456.17. He was brought back to Cornwall, and they got quite a bit of information out of him, I imagine.

It turned out he came from Chester-ville, a small town about thirty-five miles northwest of Cornwall. His name was William Irwin Stata, and I think he was Italian.

He'd only been out of jail for two months, having had eight years of his sentence knocked off for good behavior. He and the leader had apparently known each other in the pen, and had plotted the holdup there, right down to the details.

We also picked out of the picture file a man who looked to us like the leader. I'd seen the leader without his mask, at the store, and Ghislaine had seen him by the light from the bathroom, when he took off his mask to go outside.

A year or so later, they picked up another man in Mexico and brought him to Cornwall for trial. Ghislaine and I both testified that he was the leader of the gang, but our evidence was not accepted. He was acquitted.

Stata had pleaded guilty before this, and got ten years in Kingston Penitentiary. They added this on to the eight they had knocked off his previous sentence, so he's serving an eighteen-year term right now.

I heard that one of the two fellows who had been outside on our porch that night—a fellow named Brisson—killed a woman in Alabama last year and was executed in the electric chair. They never did find out who the fourth man was, but we're almost certain it must be somebody from around Cornwall.

Later that Sunday morning my neighbors on each side—Cliff Leroux and Paul Landry—came around to say that they had thought of dropping in on me when they saw my light on about three a.m., as they normally would do. But they had gone on into their own homes when they figured it was a little too late, or perhaps we were having a family party. It was just as well for them, or they probably would have been tied up, too.

My wife was under doctor's care for weeks afterward. She died a year ago, and I'm sure her death was hastened along by the events of that terrible night.

Louise is now eight. She didn't seem affected much at the time, but afterward she started to show nervous symptoms. She's scared of the dark now, and just a couple of months ago when I brought an Italian worker into our house, she got terribly frightened.

"The bandit!" she screamed, "the bandit!"

She goes to a good boarding school in Outremont, but I worry about her a lot.

Robert attends college in Waterloo, Ont. He seems okay, but he can't quite settle down. Rolly, who is going to the University of Toronto next year to study optometry, is probably the least affected. Ghislaine is more angry than anything. She's mad at the jury for not believing her testimony. I imagine she will get over it.

People still stop us on the street to talk about it, but I don't go along with that any more. All I want to do now is try to forget the terrible events of that terrible night in November, 1955. ★

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London Letter continued from page 10

"TV's stooze audiences are too self-conscious to produce the effect you find in the theatre"

living theatre would only survive in a metropolis such as Paris, London, New York or Moscow. And even so the actors would be drawn away by money to the silver screen of the cinema.

And then a strange thing happened. The suppliers of TV's high-class programs in Britain had quite rightly planned to engage such artists as Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir John Gielgud and Vivien Leigh to bring the drama to the screen.

Sir Laurence is the most gifted actor of our age, an actor whose triumph in the living theatre was brilliantly repeated on the screen. "Quote your own price," said the commercial television companies. Perhaps to his credit, let it herewith be set down that Sir Laurence was a flop, a real, undeniable flop on TV.

Did he go above the intelligence of his mass audience? Not at all. He acted with the same vitality, intelligence and skill as in the living theatre. And the result? It was almost embarrassing.

An actor must move or else he is no more than a politician or one of Madame Tussaud's waxworks endowed with a mechanically reproduced voice. As for Olivier's fascinating feline wife, Vivien Leigh, she was a problem to herself and the TV audience.

Why? The answer is quite simple. They moved like actors. They spoke like actors. And in the process they burst the seams of television decorum.

It is true that the problem of movement on the TV screen did not affect such activities as soccer or that annual sporting slaughter of horses known as the Grand National Steeplechase. But even then we could only get the picture of the horses at an angle since even cameramen do not want to die before their time. As for that solemn ritual known as cricket, it is impossible for TV to create the cathedral atmosphere of the most solemn game ever invented.

Let us now return to the studio to carry our argument still further. I have contended that actors must move in the TV production of a play unless they are to appear as mere automatons. Yet there was recently on the BBC a brilliant production of an Oscar Wilde play in which the actors hardly moved at all but merely spoke the classical nonsense of that incomparable wit and stylist. But the fact remains that Gielgud, Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson and Sybil Thorndike have faded out from the television hierarchy.

And then like the first rays of a rising sun the surviving theatres in the province began to experience a steady increase of patrons. It was the Little Theatre movement that led the revival. The instinct of companionship took them away from their fireplaces and they mingled with their kind to enjoy the acting of real flesh-and-blood creatures. Theatres that had closed down came to life again.

In London the same phenomenon was observed. Let us give praise where it is due: I do not doubt that the impact of *My Fair Lady* drew thousands of people back to the theatre. There was the thrill of applause, the brilliant dancing on the vast stage of Drury Lane, the roars of laughter and above all those indefinable things known as audience unity and audience reaction.

Only an expert can judge a play by seeing it performed in an empty theatre,

but the mass coherency of an audience can recognize genius or brilliance at once. Television tries to achieve that effect by using a stooze audience but the response is seldom genuine, for the simple reason that the selected audience is conscious

that they are part of the show.

What brought about the revival of the theatre in the provinces? Man is a social animal and the herd instinct is strong. Mrs. Smith noticed in the theatre that Mrs. Jones had a new hat. Mrs. Green

gave Mrs. Brown all the news about her daughter's engagement. And when the curtain went up they were carried away from their little world to islands of imagination.

As for Stratford-on-Avon, which



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threatens to be known in Canada as that other Stratford, the Memorial Theatre is packed to the gills even though many pilgrims go there as a duty. But look what the pilgrimage gives you: the lovely River Avon, a wonderful theatre and the quaint old town of Stratford with its endless supply of Shakespeare relics—manufactured, it is said, in Birmingham.

But in these days one must be careful to indicate clearly which Stratford is meant. I understand that in the gathering at the club in London, which I mentioned at the beginning of this letter, a West End impresario cited Canada's Stratford as a mighty achievement that gave inspiration to the whole theatre world. I hope that the ghost of Shakespeare walks sometimes as his words in Canada's Stratford add glory to the summer's night.

Though it is true that in London and in New York there has been a striking revival in the theatre it does not necessarily mean that television will shrink like a faded violet. The unchallengeable appeal of television is its power to bring the outstanding personalities of the moment before the vast jury of the people. No longer is a prime minister a mere legend—he is a demonstrable fact. Yet if he orated on the silver screen he would be faintly ridiculous. If Abraham Lincoln had delivered his Gettysburg address on TV it would not have survived the centuries. If Churchill had proclaimed on TV that we would fight on the beaches and in the hills it would have been a visual and vocal performance robbed of immortality.

In my youth in Toronto I saw the great actors of my time and felt that I was in the presence of immortality. Science with all its ingenuity cannot give us the man himself.

The truth is that television, despite its undoubted power to forestall the newspapers in spot news, is limited by the condensation of space which is forced on it by the size of the screen. It cannot take the place of the theatre where the audience and the players achieve the essential unity that drama demands. Nor can it give us grand opera which requires the vastness of the stage and the compelling surge of a great orchestra.

Yet let us in all sincerity give gratitude to television for its lively companionship, for its projection of political leaders at moments of crisis, for its glimpse of swirling hockey players and thudding football stars, and for the intimate spectacle of Prime Minister Diefenbaker addressing the spellbound crowds from the mountain top.

But the theatre is alive—long live the theatre! That is really all that I intended to tell you in this letter from London. ★



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Leslie Frost's masquerade as the common man continued from page 15

"Furious over the accusations against his friends, he shocked the House with his language"

known all along of Kelly's interest in NONG because he (Frost) took breakfast every morning in the Royal York Hotel with Alexander David McKenzie, president of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Association. McKenzie is a lawyer who helped to incorporate NONG and profited handsomely from holdings in the company. Secondly, MacDonald suggested that Leo Landreville, now an Ontario Supreme Court judge, had, in days when he was mayor of Sudbury, been instrumental in getting NONG the valuable Sudbury franchise in return for stock. These accusations against two of his friends aroused Frost to a fury. Members listened in shocked silence while the premier, using language he had never employed in the House before, shouted at MacDonald:

"You're an imputer and insinuator of disgraceful things . . . You're a character assassin . . . Your stock in trade is of the lowest nature . . . I wish you'd close your trap for a while . . . Don't sit there and chatter like a pig in a trough . . . Get down in the sewer and get yourself covered in it . . . You rub salt into wounds as useless as a horse having five legs."

That night Frost's wife rebuked him and the next day the premier apologized generously for his unparliamentary language. But for many weeks the terms of the abuse remained in the members' minds. They were in some ways a reflection of the stresses imposed upon Frost's character by his origins and experiences.

Hard-headed puritans

Frost's paternal grandparents came from Glasgow and his maternal grandparents from the outskirts of Manchester. In Frost's veins, therefore, flows the blood of Scots and Lancastrians, two of the most phlegmatic, hard-headed and puritanical races in the British Isles. The paternal grandsire opened a bakery in Orillia and the maternal grandsire managed a foundry in London, Ont.

Frost's father, William Sword Frost, opened a jewelry and watchmaking business in Orillia and prospered. An eloquent and politically minded sabbatarian and prohibitionist, Frost senior became mayor of Orillia shortly before World War I. He attempted to introduce to Orillia an old-country novelty known as summertime, with somewhat chaotic results. For this he was nicknamed Daylight Bill or Fast Time Frost.

Every Sunday Daylight Bill drove his wife and sons to three Presbyterian services in a cart drawn by a gelding named Prince. The boys, Grenville, Leslie and Cecil, sat in the back seat and according to Leslie "talked politics." Leslie, the second son, was given his middle name Mischampbell for Andrew Mischampbell, an Ontario MLA who was a great friend of his father's.

Leslie Frost and his brothers attended the Orillia high school and went in for canoeing, sailing and basketball. They chummed around with George Leacock, who had an oddball brother named Stephen. In the Calvinistic social clique of Orillia and nearby Peterborough and Lindsay, women with daughters kept a watchful, approving and speculative eye upon the manly graces and steady behavior of the Frost boys.

When World War I broke out Leslie and Cecil, the two younger brothers,

were at the University of Toronto and uncertain of their futures. Both enlisted immediately. Leslie volunteered for the infantry and Cecil for the machine-gun corps. They were commissioned and in 1916 went overseas. In March 1918,

when the Germans broke through at St. Quentin, Leslie was a lieutenant commanding a platoon of the 20th Canadian Infantry. The oncoming Germans forced Leslie's battalion out of its trenches and drove it back into open country. During

a German attack on Neville Vitasse, near Arras, Leslie Frost had difficulty in getting his men to hold their position. Under heavy small-arms fire he was darting about yelling encouragement at them when a German sniper's bullet splattered

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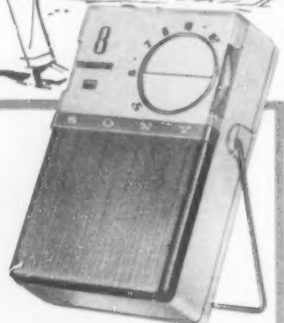
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his right hip bone and felled him. His platoon broke and fled.

Leslie Frost would have bled to death had not Major George Musgrove, the company commander, rallied two stretcher bearers to duty. As the stretcher bearers carried Frost to safety their movements were protected by Canadian machine guns which suddenly opened up to give them covering fire. The machine guns were commanded by Leslie Frost's brother Cecil who, by chance, had been ordered into the same sector. Friends say the miraculous coincidence deepened the mutual devotion of the brothers.

Later in the same action Cecil was wounded and both men spent many months in hospital before their discharge. After the war they followed their father's

advice and went in for law. On finishing their education at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in 1921, they bought a practice in Lindsay and called it Frost and Frost. Their older brother Grenville eventually became a professor at Queen's University.

At first Cecil and Leslie Frost scrambled for clients. They defended six men charged with murder and won five acquittals. In one alleged case of murder in a hunting cabin Leslie Frost personally carried out some ballistic experiments. He then took the witness stand and produced evidence to show that the angle of the bullet's trajectory suggested not murder but a drunken accident. The accused, for whom Cecil pleaded eloquently, was acquitted.

Cecil was always the best speaker and

We asked ...

"Would most women prefer
to have been born men?"

They answered ...



Jean Newman, member, Toronto Board of Control: "The answer as far as I am concerned is definitely No, with a capital N. While many women who have a flare for business welcome the opportunity of meeting men on the same basis, in competition, they are anxious to maintain their femininity. Sometimes when the chance of advancement to top posts is denied them, simply for the reason they are women, I can imagine the remark being made, 'If I were a man this wouldn't have happened,' which might have considerable truth in it. However, doors have been opened for women who wish to enter, in almost every field of endeavor. Ability is the criterion, not sex, in women's struggle to emerge. Gradually she is being accepted as an individual who is anxious to make a contribution to society."



Arnold Scaasi, of New York, Canadian-born fashion designer, winner of 1958 Coty fashion award: "Not being of the female sex, I certainly do not know what women would prefer to be. However I should think from the number of females still around that the ladies do not prefer to be anything but exactly what they are, irresistible, unpredictable, and charmingly beguiling. We men would hate for them to change."



Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, of Toronto, well-known Canadian writer: "If I'd been asked this question a decade ago, I might have answered yes. My father seemed to be, and was, I really believe, the head of the household. Today most men aren't, and don't know who is. While I can't imagine what life as a man would be like, wishing to be one would merely add to the general uncertainty. If—and when—men again become the dominant creatures they were supposed to be, I might change my mind. But maybe then I'd want to stay as I am because we'd all be so much happier. Think how wonderful life is living with men, even as they are now!"

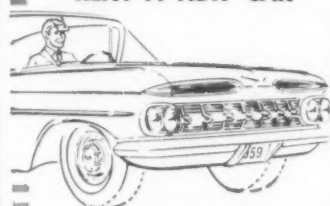
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Les the best researcher. Their youth and talents brought them prosperity. In the early Twenties they were wooed by Lindsay Conservatives as a couple of likely recruits to the party. Cecil took the platform at political meetings and Les went around knocking at doors, canvassing votes, and getting on first-name terms with the voters. In 1926 the brothers married sisters. Leslie married Gertrude and Cecil married Roberta, the daughters of John Carew, a local lumber magnate and former Conservative MLA. The matches hiked them into the upper crust of central Ontario society.

In the early Thirties Cecil Frost aspired to the provincial parliament. But Lindsay Conservatives decided that Leslie, who had won more popularity through his door-knocking, would make the better candidate. Leslie was nominated Conservative candidate for Victoria, the Lindsay riding, and in 1934 unsuccessfully contested the seat held by William Newman, a Liberal dairyman nicknamed Buttermilk Bill. Three years later Frost fought Newman again and won. He has held the seat ever since.

Today, people who listen carefully to Frost meandering through a thicket of platitudes toward an inevitable moral conclusion usually find deep in each speech a half-buried kernel of fundamental conservative philosophy. A sampler of some of his typical remarks would include:

"The government's task is not finding things to do, but doing the things that must be done, and only afterward doing the things it would like to do."

"A government has no money of its own. It is your money. This money must be raised by taxes. Please remember that services have to be paid for."

"I am a pragmatist. Let us look at both sides of the question and decide what is best for the country. At all costs let us be reasonable."

"Nobody should expect this country to maintain full employment all the time. That could not be done without regimentation."

"The time will never come when all the problems arising between the three levels of government in Canada will be settled."

Case of the missing hat

The premier's deportment is usually as sombre as his speech, and only on rare occasions has he gone along with the sort of lighthearted publicity gag most politicians relish. Three years ago university students across Canada conducted a "heist your premier's hat" campaign. The idea was to steal the hat of every provincial premier and exhibit the collection at the Canadian University Press convention in Toronto.

University of Toronto students stole Frost's hat from his office at Queen's Park. The premier said to the press, "This is a serious matter. Unlike my wife, who has a hat for every occasion, I have only three. Besides the hat that's been stolen I have only a hunting hat with a red top and an old plug hat I bought when George VI was touring Canada. If I can have my stolen hat back I'll give the students my old plug hat."

The gentle whimsy was characteristic of Frost's humor. He rarely arouses more than a smile and when he does it is often by virtue of his sly allusions to other people's personality quirks rather than by wisecracks or descriptions of situation comedy. A few weeks ago, at a dinner in the Mississauga Golf Club, Toronto, he brought the house down. Later most of the guests were astonished to discover that they could hardly remember what

Frost had said to make them laugh. According to Ontario Chief Justice Dana Porter the amusement was provoked by Frost's remarks about the character traits of many different members. It wasn't what he said that created the mirth but the revelation of his amazing knowledge of the foibles and occupations of so many members.

Frost denies that he knows the first name of everyone in Lindsay. "But I used to," he says, "until a few years ago."

His knowledge of modest citizens far afield from Lindsay constantly surprises

his friends. A few months ago, when he stopped for a meal in a small northern Ontario village, he asked the waitress her name. When she told him, he told her the names of her parents and grandparents. He never enters an elevator without speaking to the operator or enjoys a restaurant meal without sending his compliments to the chef. Often he travels from Toronto to Lindsay on Friday evenings in a day coach and spends the whole time moving down the seats chatting with passengers. On Saturday mornings he walks along Lindsay's main drag

hailing tradesmen and scores of shoppers by name and stopping to talk. During his speechmaking at Lindsay he frequently points to a humble member of the audience and says: "I know that my old friend John over there will agree with me when I say . . ."

Duncan Sinclair, a retired Lindsay grocery manager, and one of Frost's oldest friends, says: "Some people take this for old-fashioned politicking. But it isn't. Les Frost is genuinely interested in simple people." Frost's political opponents refuse to believe this, and ascribe his sociability

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to hypocrisy or to a voracious appetite for votes. Liberal MLA Arthur Reaume says, "Take Frost's attitude on liquor. He tries to please both wets and dries. Last February he repeated in the house three times that no liquor was ever served at government functions. The next night the Speaker threw his annual banquet to the Ontario MLAs and liquor flowed freely. When I tackled Frost about it in the house he said the Speaker was independent of the government, and had his own entertainment allowance. It was over this matter that I called him a hypocrite to his face."

Frost himself didn't drink until middle life but he voted for cocktail bars in Ontario. Of the Ontario liquor laws he once said: "There are faults, failings and injustices but they work with some degree of satisfaction." Generally speaking, however, he shuns discussion of liquor. Donald MacDonald says: "Frost is in a state of conflict over liquor. He finds it hard to reconcile the principles he learned from his prohibitionist father with the new ideas that are abroad in Canada. But he is also too much of a realist to underestimate the value of the tax revenues from liquor and the contributions to the Conservative party by the liquor interests."

Friends say that Frost's policy on liquor is in line with his passion for gradual, cautious change. He once said: "Things in this old province of Ontario move very slowly. We should do a little here and a little there and then wait for next year."

Critics contend that a degree of arrogance is beginning to weaken the appeal of Frost's caution. They point to his habit of jumping up and interrupting ministers' speeches to steer the course of argument out of dangerous channels. Reaume says: "He treats his ministers like boys. He pitches, catches, strikes and plays outfield."

At private meetings of the party, Frost is said to exercise icy authority. "But what it comes down to," says one high Conservative, "is listening to Frost reason out every point logically. When he's finished talking nearly everybody agrees with him."

Frost is not given to quick decisions. If he has a feeling that some action must be taken he will seek first the advice of many authorities. When he was preparing the Ontario Hospital Insurance scheme for submission to the then Liberal government in Ottawa he armed himself with facts and figures gleaned in scores of interviews with insurance experts. "He is a marvellous brain-picker," says Ontario Chief Justice Dana Porter.

Frost was prominent in the negotiations which brought about the digging of the St. Lawrence Seaway; the construction of the atomic energy research station at Chalk River; the creation of Metropolitan Toronto; the expansion of the government-owned Hydro-Electric Power Commission; great developments in mining, conservation, provincial parks and agriculture; and in the shaping of penalties for people who discriminate against potential employees and tenants on racial grounds.

While Frost is the most important provincial premier in Canada he is unostentatious. He rarely uses the private car that is provided for the premier on the provincially owned Ontario Northland Railway. Nor is he a martinet in his attitude toward government employees. While waiting to drive aboard a government-owned ferry, he was once held up by the skipper who called forward, out of turn, two friends who were driving cars behind Frost's. When Frost finally got aboard the ferry he rebuked the skipper. The skipper, not knowing he was talking to the premier, became abusive. The skipper still holds his job, though he has mended his ways.

"My wife is waiting"

Frost is as sentimental as he is forgiving. At a reception a few years ago he met a young teacher and said: "I know your face." The young man said: "We have never met before." It turned out that he was the son of the Major George Musgrove who'd saved Frost's life in World War I, only to be killed later himself. "You are the living image of your dad," said Frost. "I shall never forget your dad's face." A few days later Frost and his wife visited Musgrove's widow to pay their respects.

Frost admits that he is influenced strongly by his wife, who inherited a love of politics from her father and has a sure grasp of the factors that sway the important rural vote. When trying to get away from meetings Frost's favorite excuse is "My wife is waiting for me."

Mrs. Frost is a tall, slender woman with big, glowing eyes and stylish taste. She looks sophisticated but has little liking for city life. During the twenty-two years in which politics have kept the Frosts in Toronto they've never bought a house or rented an apartment there. They prefer to occupy on weekdays a suite in Toronto's Royal York Hotel and at weekends their own modest home in Lindsay. They commute by train or by Frost's official chauffeur-driven Lincoln.

"When we get home to Lindsay," Frost

"When Frost tires of women and children, he retires to his log cabin, which is strictly stag"

once said, "I am just Gert's husband." He raises an occasional smile in the legislature when he speaks of "the opposition in my own house." Once he told the legislature: "Nobody is going to push me around except my wife." Mrs. Frost later told the press: "I never have. But I've always known I could."

Like her husband, Mrs. Frost has a strong sense of family ties. Her Lindsay home is filled with antiques carefully collected from the estates of their relatives. A treasured exhibit is the Bible which Frost's grandmother gave to his grandfather and on which Frost took the oath of office, with tears in his eyes, when he became premier.

Ten miles from Lindsay, at Pleasant Point, on Sturgeon Lake, the Frosts have a cottage. Back in from the cottage is Frost's personal log cabin. The couple came across the cabin originally in a nearby township and fell in love with it because it was a hundred and twenty years old. They had its twelve-inch, hand-hewn logs and beams dismantled and re-assembled on its present site. Once Mrs. Frost got hold of some cedar logs to fix up the porch and she squared them herself. "She is a wicked woman with that broad axe," said her husband.

At the cottage and cabin the Frosts entertain on most summer weekends. Being childless themselves they encourage friends and relatives to bring along their offspring. The children call the Frosts Aunt Det and Uncle Les. When Frost wearies of women and children he retires to the log cabin which is "strictly stag."

On winter Saturdays Frost heads alone

for his log cabin. Soon he is joined by such Lindsay cronies as J. W. Deyell, a printer; E. D. Fee, an automobile dealer; Judge J. A. McGibbon; Duncan Sinclair, the retired grocery manager; and Colonel G. A. Weeks, a retired manager of a trust company. Weeks says: "We call ourselves the Swallow Club because we like swallowing things. These things include food. We are gourmets. Our favorite dish is turkey. Les Frost is the cook."

After turkey Frost's specialties at the kitchen stove are baked beans, mulligan stew, and steak-and-kidney pie. When the afternoon feast is over chef Frost sleeps while his cronies wash the dishes. "Then," says Weeks, "we start talking about anything under the sun. When the conversation fails to interest Les he just falls asleep again. As soon as the conversation turns to his liking he wakes up with a snap."

On some Saturday nights Frost rejoins his wife and they go to the small home of Duncan Sinclair to play euchre. Once, for their summer vacation, they went to England to pay a sentimental visit to the home of Frost's maternal grandparents, a stout granite house standing on windswept moors above Edenfield, a cotton-mill town north of Manchester. But usually the Frosts take a trip into the U.S. with the Sinclairs to enable the premier to pursue his study of the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln is one of Frost's historical heroes. He has visited Lincoln's birthplace, Lincoln's home, and the courthouse where Lincoln once pleaded. Walking up the stairs of Lincoln's home he rubbed

his hand lovingly along the balustrade and said to Sinclair: "Just imagine. Old Abe's hand touched this too." Once when Mrs. Frost asked her husband what he'd like for his birthday he said, "Sandburg's life of Lincoln." She ordered it, thinking it a very modest request. She got a shock when she found it consisted of six expensively bound volumes.

As an admirer of Lincoln, Frost likes to tour Civil War battlefields. While his wife and the Sinclairs roll their eyes in patient resignation Frost insists on stopping to read every historical cairn. He once brooded for half an hour over the tomb of Stonewall Jackson. Another time he scrambled out of the car and went to scoop up a souvenir handful of earth from the scene of the Battle of the Wilderness.

Scholarly but banal

"It is important," says Frost, "for a Canadian to understand American politics. And nobody can understand American politics until they have studied the divisions and factions that led up to the Civil War."

His knowledge of British imperial battles is also immense. In Lindsay's exclusive Twenty Club, a literary society limited to twenty members, he often gives papers on military history. At a private dinner in Toronto he was introduced to the late L. S. Amery, a former British cabinet minister. Frost said: "Weren't you a war correspondent in the Boer War?" When Amery nodded Frost asked him searching questions about minute details of the Jameson Raid.

Some intimates find it difficult to reconcile Frost's scholarly interests and private conversations with the banalities he often employs on political occasions. When he was opening a new city hall in Oshawa, Ont., he made the civic elders smile by exclaiming: "Lo and behold! What do I see in Oshawa? A facsimile of the UN building which my wife and I saw in New York!"

Some intimates find it equally difficult to reconcile with his perspicacity the occasionally patent political gestures. When he opened the Toronto subway in 1954 he knew that Allan Lamport felt that he himself, as mayor, should have officiated. So, just before Frost pulled the lever, he called Lamport over and asked him to join hands with him in that operation.

"It was good politics," said the Toronto Star, which usually favors the Liberals and criticizes the Conservatives. "But it was more than that. It was the act of a kindly man whose natural impulses are friendly. He does the generous thing without affectation. That, alas, is one of the things that make him so hard to defeat."

While some Liberals and CCFers rage at mention of Frost's name, Joseph Salzman, one of the last Communist MLAs to sit in the Ontario legislature, once remarked: "You can't help liking the man."

One of Frost's friends sums him up thus: "He is a great patriot and a great philosopher but he's a great politician too. He plays the game hard and he plays it cleanly. And he is far far too clever, of course, to let the public realize how clever he is." ★



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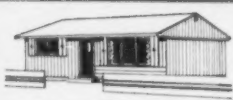
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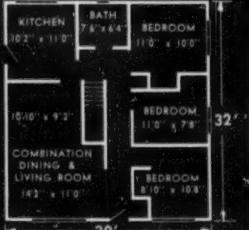
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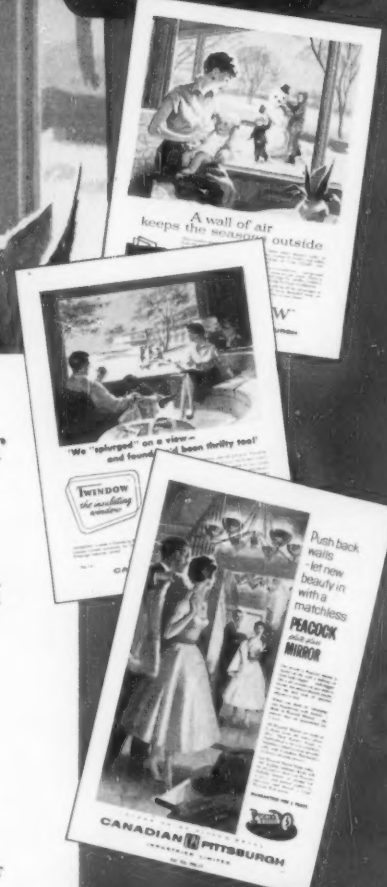
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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



GZOWSKI

TENNANT

GARDNER

One thing in common: they all started young in the newspaper business.

How do you get to be a magazine editor?

The other day a bright-eyed high-school student turned up and asked what he'd have to do to become a magazine editor. We said we weren't quite sure. "Aren't there any new editors on Maclean's?" he pressed. We told him there are a couple of fairly new ones, Preview editor Peter Gzowski and copy editor Hal Tennant, and a brand-new one, west-coast editor Ray Gardner.

"How did they make it?" the eager teenager demanded. Well, they made it in different ways, but they all started young and on newspapers.

Peter Gzowski (you can find out how to pronounce his name on page twenty-four) was born in Toronto. At seventeen he enrolled at the University of Toronto. Six years later, when he left without a degree, he had sampled three courses—philosophy, political science, general arts—and, between courses, had been a reporter and ad salesman for the Timmins Press, editor of the Kapuskasing Weekly, co-founder and co-editor of the South Shore (of Lake Simcoe) Holiday. He'd also been editor of the U. of T. paper, the Varsity; and the year he did best scholastically he hurried to lectures from a 1-a.m.-to-9-a.m. job as police reporter for the Toronto Telegram. From university, he went to the Moose Jaw Times-Herald, then to the Chatham Daily News, where he was city editor. From Chatham, he came to Maclean's. He's married to a girl from Manitoba and they have a six-month-old son. Peter's own age: twenty-four.

Hal Tennant was born in Vernon, B.C., with two ambitions—to play a horn and be a journalist. When he was in grade seven, editing a class paper used to interfere a bit with his trumpet practice, but journalism and trumpeting both helped him through the University of British Columbia, where he got his BA (philosophy) in 1951. During his first two summer vacations from UBC he toiled by day

in a fish cannery and by night blew a hot horn in a dance combo. After his second year at UBC his funds ran low and he spent part of a year off working for the Chilliwack Progress. His bankroll fattened, he returned to college and picked up a spare-time job editing three Vancouver suburban papers. He contributed UBC items to the Vancouver Sun, which kept him in spending money, and for three of his four years at UBC wrote a humor column for UBC's newspaper, the Ubysey. Hal, now thirty-one, had four years on the Vancouver Sun as a reporter and deskman and nearly five years with the Imperial Oil Review before joining Maclean's. He has a wife and four sons and, instead of playing the horn, he devotes his evenings to writing humor pieces that appear in Maclean's and elsewhere.

Ray Gardner, born in Victoria thirty-nine years ago, was a sports writer at the age of seventeen. Ten years later as news editor of the Vancouver Sun, he won the first Kemsley Empire Journalists' Scholarship—a year's traveling scholarship in the United Kingdom and Europe. Ray has touched most bases in the newspaper business—sports columnist, sports editor, reporter, feature writer, copy-reader, slotman, telegraph editor, news editor, city editor, managing editor. He has worked on three Vancouver papers, the Sun, the Province and the News Herald, which is no longer published. He has also done stints on the Toronto Star and the now-defunct Edmonton Bulletin. As a freelance, he wrote thirty full-length articles and many shorter pieces for Maclean's. He and his wife have one son and live on top of one of the highest hills in Greater Vancouver. Ray collects books by and about Jack London. Kay Gardner collects children's books illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

How do you become a magazine editor? Well, we still aren't quite sure. ★

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Parade

So much for the Samaritan

A schoolteacher in Wolfville, N.S., finished telling her five-year-olds the story of the Good Samaritan and then asked one little miss what she would do if she saw a man lying on the side of the road. "I would call my daddy to come and bury him," was the matter-of-fact reply, leaving teacher biting her lip for asking the daughter of the local undertaker.

* * *

Any business catering to the public has to keep changing to keep up with the times, these days. Why, three weeks after the new wing of Toronto's Royal York Hotel had its grand opening, basement washrooms were barred by signs announcing: "Closed for alterations."

* * *

A Winnipeg father reports with philosophic bemusement that at breakfast the other Saturday morning he was an eyewitness to his teen-age daughter hauling a carton of ice cream from the refrigerator. "I have to start with something basic," she declared.

* * *

The proud operator of one of those amazing electronic calculators, used by a paper mill in Corner Brook, Nfld., to run off the payroll, was horrified to catch it in a terrible mistake. Clutching a cheque the machine had written for four hundred dollars for sixty hours' work, he gave a small cry of anguish, turned the darn thing off and held up the payroll while a full-scale investigation was instigated. He was a mighty shamefaced fellow later when he realized the truth. The employee was actually entitled to back payment for one hundred and sixty hours' work, but such a possibility had never occurred to the mere men who de-

Nobody succumbs to the lure of far, strange places like stamp collectors, and nobody knows it better than the National Capital Stamp Shop in Ottawa, which ran this ad in an American collectors' paper: "Absolutely unpicked Canadian mixture containing pictorials, commemoratives. Shipped exactly as received from the dense natives of Canada's interior..."

* * *

Some of these modern household appliances are a great convenience but when they don't work—wow! A Halifax



family had to buy space to advertise in the Mail-Star, "Lost—top of pressure cooker. Finder please return..."

* * *

Driving over Burrard Bridge a Vancouver motorist thought he saw a cat on a car roof. Driving closer he saw there was a cat on the car roof, clinging for dear life to the shiny metal. At the first stop he pulled up and shouted, "You have a cat on the roof of your car!" To which the other driver replied nonchalantly, "Oh, is he there again?" And reaching up with one hand he grabbed the cat by the scruff of the neck and tossed it into the back seat.

* * *

A keen young teacher in Moose Jaw, Sask., delighted his grade-eight class by producing a pair of guinea pigs and announcing a science project to discover the effects of diet. That very day they started one guinea pig on a carefully balanced diet—proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and all sorts of other crunchy goodies in careful balance—while the other got candy, soda pop, breakfast cereal and cake. Six weeks later the cake-and-pop-fattened guinea pig was on a strict diet of greens to restore his figure, a sorry lesson to all the pupils—if only the well-balanced diet hadn't done in the other guinea pig completely.



signed the machine and they hadn't built it to print more than two digits in the hours column. Without a word of protest the machine had gone right ahead, done its arithmetic and paid the employee what was coming to him.

* * *

Proudest three-year-old in Toronto recently was a little fellow who ran into the house shouting, "Hey, Mummy—I can whistle!" He was mighty discouraged, though, when Mummy whipped him off to the doctor to have a piece of bark removed from one nostril.

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